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FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

BY R. L. TENNEY.

Upon two desolate, gloom-gifted shores we stand;
You mute upon that, and I silent on this side.
Between the two far-stretching strips of sterile land
A stagnant sea, all blank and bare, reaches out wide.

I can see faint a gleam of your white face outshine
From where you stand on your side of the bridgeless sea
Amidst the mist and darkness as it turns towards mine,
A wave of your pale hands that stretch toward me.

And I, on my side here, hold out my arms to you
With agonizing words that never reach your ear,
While dark and blank, no sail upon it, 'tween us two,
That sea, uncrossable, will stretch from year to year.

A PERILOUS GAME;

—OR,—

Her Mad Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

THERE was a chatter and buzz as the soup went round, but Lord Bruce uttered not a word. He had not spoken when the fish gave place to the *entrees*, but he was careful to put the *menu* card near Floris, and once, when a footman, new to his duties, offered her champagne, said "Hock."

Floris wondered whether he meant to maintain silence during the whole of the meal; but, suddenly, and yet slowly, and as if he had been talking all the time, he turned his eyes on her.

"Have you been to the concert to-day?"

"No," answered Floris; "I only arrived in London this afternoon. What concert do you mean?"

"Albani's. Don't suppose that I have been, I never go to concerts. Who is that old lady opposite?"

"I don't know," faltered Floris.

"I have seen her somewhere. One never knows half the people Betty gets."

"You must include me in the half," said Floris, with a smile.

He looked at her slowly and laughed. It was a low, curt laugh, and if Floris had known how rare it was she would have felt flattered.

"Fairly hit!" he said. "Will you not take some champagne? You are quite safe. It is the only wine Sir Edward knows, because it is labelled, or else he would not. Come!" and taking the bottle from the footman he filled her glass.

It was a rare attention from Lord Bruce, and one or two eyeglasses went up to one or two observant pair of eyes.

"Thanks!" said Floris, coldly; "I never drink champagne."

He did not seem to hear her, but bent over his plate, and appeared to have forgotten her again.

The buzz of conversation went on for a while, then suddenly Lady Pendleton's thin, bird-like voice rose above all the others.

"Oh, Bruce!" she exclaimed, in a little flutter of excitement, "this isn't true that Lady Glenloona is telling me, is it now?"

He looked up with a faint smile.

"Anything and everything that Lady Glenloona tells you is true, my dear Betty," he said, gravely.

"Now don't be tiresome," expostulated Lady Pendleton, with a little pout. "She says that you are getting your yacht ready, and are going to the Levant."

He turned to Lady Glenloona, who did not seem over pleased at being quoted so publicly.

"Lady Glenloona is always well-informed," he said. "Yes, Betty, I am going to the Levant."

"Oh, it is too ridiculous!" exclaimed Lady Pendleton, with an injured air. "Just as every thing is moving too——"

"That is why I am moving."

"Oh, you know what I mean! Don't be provoking! The season is just at its height and I want to get about! Who is to take me if you go off in that stupid yacht, pray?"

"The answer is obvious," he said, with the same air of assumed gravity. "There sits your victim—your husband, madam, the captive of your bow and spear; get him to take you," and he nodded at Sir Edward who was talking politics in a low, wearied voice to a gentleman near him.

There was a general smile, increased by the pout with which her ladyship received this advice.

"Edward! The idea! As if you didn't know that he never went anywhere excepting to the horrid House! I wish there were no Parliaments or politics! It is really dreadful how selfish men have become! They care for nothing but their own pleasures! Hunting and shooting all the winter, and fishing and yachting all the summer! I've no patience with the men of the present day."

"I don't attempt to defend myself," said Lord Bruce addressing the epergne in front of him, "but I will venture to remark that during the last week I have escorted the lady who has just libelled my long-suffering sex to two dances, an afternoon performance, two rides in the park, and a picture gallery."

Lady Pendleton laughed.

"Well, yes; that's true! I forgot that!"

"Exactly. Your sex, my dear Betty, always do forget such trifles."

"And, of course, I am very much obliged ——"

"Of course!"

"But I do think you ought to give up this stupid yachting! Can't you go sailing about when the season is over?——"

"And it is wet, and cold and generally stormy? Thanks! Are you fond of the sea?"

The question was addressed to her, not so suddenly, but so unexpectedly that Floris who had been listening to this passage of arms with curious amusement, turned her face to him a little vaguely.

"The sea? Oh, yes! I don't know much about it. I have never done much sailing, if that is what you mean. It must be very delightful to get away from London while it is hot and sunshiny, and sail about the Mediterranean."

"Yes," he assented, but not very eagerly. "At any rate one may as well do that as anything else."

By this time it would seem as if he had finished his dinner, for he put his arm on the back of his chair and regarded her with a calm yet not obtrusive attention, and into his eyes stole the appreciative expression of a keen critic more than satisfied.

The beautiful young face, with its deep grey eyes, above the soft, dove-colored dress, looked like a picture fresh from the easel of a Leslie, or a Millais.

His gaze wandered from her for a moment to the rest of the women round the table, then came back with a grave significance.

There were one or two pretty faces present; one or two almost beautiful women, but there was no face, no eyes, no hair like that of the young by his side, whose name he did not even know.

Floris, happening to look in his direction caught his eyes fixed thus upon her, and a faint thrill ran through her, which almost made her angry.

Who was this Lord Bruce, who was treated as a favored mortal, and allowed the privileges of a small despot? and why should he look at her as if she were a picture on approval?

And yet there was nothing disrespectful in the gaze he fixed on her; its very openness deprived it of rudeness and made it a compliment.

She knew, by instinct, that if she had not interested him he would not have bestowed a second glance upon her, would have treated her with the polite indifference which he now seemed to extend to all the rest.

"Now, don't let Sir Edward talk you all asleep on politics!" said Lady Pendleton, with charming candor. "And, Bruce, mind you come into the drawing-room. I want you to do something for me."

"I am not equal to matching colors to-night," he said, rising and opening the door for them. "And my haughty soul rises against turning over the music while you play the overture from 'Zampa,' Betty; and the state of my health will not permit me to hold skeins of wool or admire any old china plates you have recently purchased."

"Oh, nonsense! I want to talk you out of this ridiculous yachting business," retorted Lady Pendleton. "So mind you come now Bruce."

Floris followed the rest of the ladies into the drawing-room in "fine amaze," as Spenser says. It was her first introduction to such society as that of to-night, and it amused and yet puzzled her.

Had Lady Pendleton been joking when she had said that Lord Bruce was so extremely wicked?

Could it be possible that a man utterly bad, as she had hinted him to be, would dance good-natured attendance on a little will-o'-the-wisp like Lady Pendleton?

She had plenty of time and leisure to think over the problem, for the ladies having lost their common foe, seemed to suddenly collapse and grow inert.

Some of them at once sank into easy chairs as if they meant to go to sleep, and one old lady yawned visibly behind her beautiful fan.

Lady Pendleton carried Lady Glenloona into a corner to see some plates which she had recently purchased, and Floris seated a little apart, was left alone. She wondered whether she was expected to do anything, and was quite relieved when Lady Pendleton, looking over her shoulder, said quite humbly—

"Oh, would you mind playing something, dear, or singing; just to keep us all awake till the tea comes?"

Floris thought that it would be far kinder to sing them something to send them to sleep, and going to the piano, played a sonata.

She was not a skilled musician, and she knew it; but she had a sweet voice, and waiting until the buzz of talk, which always begins at the sound of a piano ceased, she sang a simple little ballad.

It was a song which she used to sing to her mother, and she was half sorry that she had chosen it, for it brought the tears to her eyes, and made her voice tremulous. Perhaps on that account it affected her listeners, for when she had got through one verse she found the attention of the half-slumbering audience riveted upon her.

Then she began to feel nervous and would have stopped short, but remembering that she was fulfilling part of her duties as a lady's companion, she went bravely on.

* * * * * *

When she had finished she looked round, and saw that the gentlemen entered very quietly, and that Lord Bruce was standing near her, his hands folded behind him, his eyes fixed on her face with an expression that was almost sad; instantly it vanished, and gave place to the usual calm impassiveness, and he came close beside her.

"That is a very pretty song," he said, in his low, grave voice. "Will you not sing us another?"

Floris shook her head with a smile.

"You might not think the next one so pretty," she said.

He bowed with a faint smile, as if struck by the answer, and walked away. In an instant Floris caught herself regretting that she had made it, and then ashamed that she should feel any regret, resumed her former seat.

The footmen brought in the tea equipage, and, still intent upon making herself useful, she got up and went to the table.

"Can I help you, Lady Pendleton?" she asked.

"Oh, will you? Thanks!" responded her ladyship, eagerly. "It is very kind of you!" and she gave up her chair with alacrity.

Lord Bruce, who had watched their movements, looked from one to the other with surprise, and crossing the room bent his head down to Lady Pendleton.

"Who is that young lady, Betty?" he asked in a low voice.

Lady Pendleton was about to answer when she stopped short and laughed.

"You don't deserve to be told, sir," she said, "and I won't gratify your curiosity."

"Isn't that rather rude?" he asked, gravely.

"Oh, other people can be rude as well as you: it is awfully easy!" she retorted, and flitted away with a provoking laugh.

He stood a moment looking after her as one looks after a spoilt child who is privileged to play tricks and take liberties with its elders, then went to the tea-table.

"Can I assist you?" he said.

Floris did not look up from the teacups.

"No, thanks!" she said, glancing at the two footmen, who stood motionless and gigantic, waiting with their silver salvers for the cups as she filled them.

"Do you think I should break anything?" he asked, as if he meant to make her look up at him.

Still bending over the tray she shook her head.

"You might, and I feel more confidence in the servants, thanks."

He bowed and sauntered away from her, and Floris saw him drop into an easy chair next to Lady Glenloona.

She supplied the two footmen, and sent them round with the tea, and was pouring out a cup for herself, when she heard two ladies talking behind her in a suppressed whisper and knew that they were talking of Lord Bruce.

"Not going away so suddenly in the middle of the season for nothing," murmured one of them.

"I should imagine not," assented the other with that eagerness which denotes the scandal-lover. "I wonder what it is. Quite quietly too. Hadn't even told Lady Pendleton. Some mischief, depend upon it. One does hear such dreadful stories about him! Not that I believe them, or one half of them! Wasn't there some talk of his being engaged to his cousin, Lady Blanche?"

"Oh, that was some time ago. It would have been a good match for him then, but now things are altered. He doesn't want to marry money. Dear me, I never did believe quite in his affection for Lady Blanche. Perhaps he is going to the Mediterranean to get out of her way. He is quite capable of it."

"Oh, quite," was the ready assent; "he is the sort of man who lets nothing stand in

his way. How handsome he looks to-night! I don't know what it is that makes people run mad about him. My boys can talk of nothing else but Lord Bruce and his doings. I am quite tired of the subject. Lady Betty is fortunate in getting him here to-night! People quite fight for him. I know that he refused the duchess's dinner merely to come here, and she had quite hard work to make him promise to look in at the reception. I wonder he don't go. Yes, he is the handsomest man in London, certainly."

"And the most interesting," remarked the other, "one never knows what he is going to do next. Depend upon it if he goes to the Mediterranean we shall hear of some exploit before the month is out. As to Lady Blanche, I don't know whether to envy or pity her!" and her gossip laughed.

Floris with a strange feeling of disappointment, turned and stopped the conversation by asking them if they would take some more tea, and receiving a cold, haughty negative returned to the pups again.

Someone then went to the piano and executed some musical fireworks, in which a well-known air was chased up and down the keys in a variety of variations, so that when the listener thought he had got the tune, it suddenly capered off into a series of runs on the bass, and re-appearing for a moment was lost in another series of runs on the treble.

Several guests took their departure, and Sir Edward muttering something about "the House," stole out as if glad to get away; but Lord Bruce still stayed on, and Floris was wondering whether he had forgotten the duchess's reception, when Lady Pendleton came across to her to her and, with quite an apologetic air, said—

"Thank you so much, my dear! It was so kind of you. I hate pouring out the tea. Why don't I let them send it in in the cups you'll say? Because it is always half cold if they do, and Sir Edward likes it scalding hot. Come and take a more comfortable chair."

Floris got up and seated herself in a retired nook, and got an album containing the usual number of plain people in unnatural attitudes, when Lord Bruce rose, looked across at her hesitatingly for a moment, then came and seated himself by her side.

"The social pillory," he said, nodding at the album. "Shall I tell you who is who? or, perhaps, you know them all?"

"No, I know no one here," said Floris.

"Then shut it up and let it talk," he said, and he took the heavy book from her and laid it on the table. "Do you know that my cousin—perhaps you don't know that Lady Pendleton is my cousin?——"

"No," said Floris.

"She is, alas! or she says she is; I am not quite sure. A cousin fourteen times removed, I think. At any rate, she is so much of a cousin that she thinks she is at liberty to avail herself of my valuable services."

"Yes," said Floris. "You were going to tell me something——"

"Yes. Well, my cousin fourteen times removed has been exceedingly unkind to-night."

Floris was silent. She would give him no encouragement.

He glanced at the beautiful face, so demure and self-possessed, and yet with so much girlish grace hidden away in the grey eyes, and went on.

"I asked her to tell me who and what was the lady I had the honor to take into dinner, and—she refused. It was ungrateful of her, but I have no appeal excepting to you."

"Oh, I am Lady Pendleton's companion" said Floris simply.

He did not express any surprise, if he felt any, but leant forward, his dark eyes fixed on her face.

"My cousin is very fortunate," he then said.

"Thank you," said Floris, with a little inclination of her stately head.

"Excuse me," he said, "I meant what I said. It was not an idle compliment. I speak from bitter experience. My cousin's companions have not always been——" was he going to say 'beautiful?' if so he stopped in time—"young and possessed of wit. They did not any of them sing as you have sung to-night. I think my cousin is to be congratulated. I hope you will be very happy with her; she is a very pleasant little lady."

"I am sure that I shall," said Floris, warmly.

He inclined his head, and leant back silent and thoughtful, but Floris knew that he was looking at her. As they sat thus, Lady Pendleton passed them on her way across the room, and paused a moment to exchange a word.

"How thoughtful you look, Bruce! I really think you must be in love."

He smiled absently, then sat up.

"That was a foolish speech of my cousin's," he said. "But like the random shaft, it struck home. She is quite right. I am in love."

Floris turned to him with a smile befitting the speech, but there was no smile in his grave eyes, or about the clear cut lips.

"I am quite serious," he said, leaning forward and clasping his hands, so that he could see her face. "For the first time in my life I am in love, deeply, irretrievably in love!"

Floris smiled again.

"Do you wish me to commiserate your lordship?" she said.

"If you please," he answered, gravely, "and for this reason, that I am in love with a young lady whom I have never seen; whose name I have only read. Think of it! To be in love with the mere imagination! Not to know the object of one's passion by sight! To pass her, perhaps, in the street, and yet be unaware that she is she. It is hard, is it not?"

"Very!" said Floris, smiling again.

"Shall I tell you how it happened?" he asked, after a pause, during which several other guests took their departure. The room was pleasantly quiet, and only Lady Pendleton's voice could be heard in a distant corner, making arrangements with Mr. Parks for some coming Fancy Fair, in which she was to play at keeping shop, dressed as a Swiss milk-girl.

"If you like," said Floris.

"It is a strange experience," he began, in a low voice, with the manner of one communing with himself, as well as addressing a listener. "You must know—I am afraid I shall have to bore you with a fragment, a mere fragment, of family history. Do you mind?"

"No," said Floris, "not if it is a mere fragment only."

"I will respect your patience, and confine it to the minutest fragment. You must know, then, that my family has been under a cloud for several years past, for a couple of generations back. Did you ever read the story of the old man of the Sea, the old person who got on Sinbad's back, and couldn't be got rid of?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, we have had an old man of the sea on our family back: his name was 'Chancery Lawsuit'——What is the matter?" for Floris, whose eyes had been wandering round the room dreamily, started slightly and looked at him.

"Nothing," she said, averting her eyes again. "Please go on."

"How we managed to be saddled by this preposterous thing I don't quite know. I have been told, times out of number, but no one, lawyers or laymen, have ever succeeded in making me understand even the bare outlines of the case. I know that the suit has been running for generations and that it has made each generation poorer than the last, so that the old man threatened to kill Sinbad right out. I, as the last of my family, was reduced to—well, perhaps I had better not tell you all that I was reduced to, in case you should not believe me; and I should not like that."

Floris listened to the leisurely musical voice with a growing wonder in her mind. How singular a coincidence! He had described the actual state of the Carlisle family! Well, other people besides herself had a suit in Chancery; but it was singular that Lord Bruce should be so similarly placed to herself.

"Now comes the extraordinary part of the story. Lo and behold! with very little warning and no great fuss to speak of, the great case comes to a close, and greatly to my astonishment I am informed that I am the victor. I didn't ask for particulars; indeed, I must admit that I declined to receive them. You see, I had suffered a great deal on previous occasions, when lawyers had endeavored to make men understand the rights and wrongs of the suit that had sucked up all the money and land and houses in the family. The particulars and details I allowed to go, but the main result was satisfactory. I was proclaimed the victor, and learned that a great portion of the lands and moneys and houses were coming back to me—that is, as much of them as the law permitted to elude its capacious maw. Did you ever notice how beautifully 'law' and 'maw' rhyme? Something more than coincidence, I should think.

Floris nodded, and after a pause the grave, musical voice resumed its easy indolent flow.

"What has all this tedious, legal rigmarole got to do with my love affair? you will ask! Patience, I am coming to it rapidly now. On hearing that the great suit was ended, and that I was a rich man, as men go, I was at first greatly delighted, but suddenly it occurred to me to remember the parties on the other side. I had never thought of them before, as, I daresay, they had declined to think of me. I tell you"—with a sudden increase of energy—"I didn't know who and what they were; I had never given them a passing thought. Judge then of my astonishment when I was informed by my lawyer that my deadly foes were represented by two women; an old lady and her daughter—— What is the matter?"

Floris had started with a sudden movement, and her face had flushed, then turned pale.

"You are tired! I forgot that you had traveled some distance to-day. Pray forgive me! My story will keep till some other time!" and he half rose.

"No, no!" said Floris, in a very low voice. "I am not tired, I am not indeed! Pray go on! I am very much—interested, my lord."

"Are you sure you care to have me go on?" he asked, doubtfully, his gaze fixed on her beautiful face, now tinted with a faint dash of color that made her eyes glow in the soft candle-light.

"Yes, quite sure! Please go on," and she sat back against the ottoman, and folded her hands tightly, her head turned slightly away from him.

He was silent for a moment, and then resumed.

"Yes, an old lady and her daughter. Two defenceless, unprotected women were the foes I had been fighting! The intelligence gave me 'pause' as Hamlet says. I asked how the result of the trial would affect them, and was told that they would be nearly ruined. That is to say that in addition to losing the estate we had been squabbling over, they would have to pay their own costs of the last trial. I asked the amount, and learned that it was five thousand pounds."

Floris sat perfectly motionless, but her fingers clasped each other so tightly that where they met the flesh went whiter than snow.

"Five thousand pounds! This in addition to all the costs, the endless sums they and their family had been paying for years. Miss—I beg your pardon, but I do not know your name?" he broke off.

"No matter! Go on please," murmured Floris.

"I was startled and perplexed and upset. Of course my cause was just; I had been the injured party throughout; one always is so convinced that one is in the right, isn't one? But then you see these two poor ladies were equally convinced that they were right; and, good lord, who should say they were not? The judges, you will answer. Bah! Judges are not infallible, and the mere fact that they had taken all these years to make up their minds, proved that there was a question of right or wrong, and that they might have made a mistake. Do you see now?"

Floris inclined her head.

"The thought of these two ladies rendered me wretched, deprived me of all the honest joy which ought to have been mine, the consequence of my victory, and haunted me from the time of the delivery of the verdict. I am not an impulsive man, but I acted on an impulse of the moment, and requested my lawyers to tell the other side that I should consider it an honor if they would permit me to pay their clients' costs. I am sure you are tired," he broke off, as Floris leant back and put her fan up to her face.

"No," she answered, almost curtly; "please go on."

"I thought that the thing might be managed without these two ladies knowing anything about it——"

"It was generous of your lordship."

He then laughed a quiet laugh of amusement.

"I assure you that it was nothing of the kind! If I could have got rid of the thought of these ladies, my vanquished foes, without paying the money, I should have kept it in my pocket—or spent it on horseflesh. Oh, I didn't want to lose five thousand pounds; but one's peace of mind is worth something, you know. Well, the lawyers wouldn't accept the money without consulting their clients, and so—and so—" he paused, as if he were coming to a part of the story which was not pleasant in the telling—"one of them went down to make the offer. Now, you are a woman, what do you think was their answer?"

"I cannot guess. You must tell me, please," murmured Floris.

He was silent a moment, then with his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the glass, he said—

"They refused. It was an unkind thing to do. It was as if I had insulted them and they had raised their small hands and struck me."

A pause.

"I say 'they,' but in reality it was the daughter, the girl. The mother would have accepted, I think, judging from what the lawyer said, for I make a point of seeing him, thereby sinning against etiquette, and learned the full details of the interview he had had with them. Yes, the mother would have accepted, but the daughter refused emphatically, sternly, and scornfully. If you want to know how scornfully, read this," and he drew a sheet of note-paper from his waistcoat pocket.

Floris turned her eyes towards it, but did not offer to take it. Her heart was beating wildly, her breath coming short and fast. If the floor could open and let her gently through, if she could but summon nerve enough to enable her to rise and leave him without a word!

But she could not. She was held by the spell of his voice and eyes.

"I will read it," he said, "so that you may understand exactly how I feel—

" 'A Carlisle demands justice, not charity, and having received the former, has no desire to become the recipient of the latter, even though it should be at the hands of the Earl of Norman.' "

Silence for a moment, while he looked at the note sadly, replaced it, and put it back in his pocket.

"That was her reply to my offer. It struck me like a blow! If it had come from a man I should have put it in the fire, shrugged my shoulders, and forgotten it. But from a young girl! I cannot forget it, though I have tried hard to do so. I have tried to burn the note, but I cannot. I carry it about with me, as you see, and the fierce, scornful words burn right through to my heart. Do not laugh please, or I shall think you do not understand——"

"I am not laughing," said Floris, almost inaudibly.

"Right through to my heart, and eat themselves in. I hear them—just as she said them—day and night. I daresay you thought I was greatly engrossed by my dinner this evening. A mistake! I was listening to these words! I was calling up the picture of the young girl confronting the lawyer, and bidding him hurl back the money in my face! I can see her now!"

He looked dreamily towards the now darkened ante-room, with its thick tapestry curtains.

There was silence for a moment, then he went on, his voice very low and impressive as if he were going over the mental ground trodden by himself before this.

"Now you think that I ought to be feeling anything but kindly towards this young girl? That would be the general idea. That, in short, instead of loving her I ought to hate her?"

He seemed to wait for a reply, and Floris forced her lips to utter the word—

"Yes."

"Just so. And I think that I ought, but absurd as it seems, I cannot. I have thought of her so much during the last week, since I got this note, that she has become part and parcel of my life. I am as it were, under a spell. Her scornful eyes are always resting on mine, inspiring me with the intense longing to try and soften them; her voice rings in my ears, so that I am possessed with a restless desire to hear her utter some kinder words, more fitting to her sweet girlish lips. In short from thinking about her, I have grown to love her!—to love a thing of aerial imagination, a woman whom I have never seen and probably never shall see, who, if I met her, would turn from me as from one who have done her a great wrong and inflicted a heavy insult! Now, please, do you not even pity me?"

Floris sat silent, her face hidden by the fan, which fluttered to and fro slowly as if moved by a machine, her eyes downcast, her lips quivering with the shame and torture of her situation.

"You do not? I am sorry. Somehow I expected your sympathy, and that is why I told you my story. I have told it to no one else, and shall not tell it. But it is quite a true one, and the fascination, the spell under which I am held is so great that I am going to try strong measures to get rid of it. In a mind diseased—no, I will not say diseased—possessed by such a delusion, illusion, charm, spell, whichever you like to call it, there is no cure like change of scene. Therefore, you understand, though my cousin never will (or I shall never tell her, why I have ordered my yacht and am off to the Mediterranean. I am going to take the vision of Floris Carlisle out with me, and drop it, with the memory of it, in the blue sea, in the hope that it will sink, and sink, and rise to haunt me no longer. As for the note, well I will keep that to remind me when I am old and grey, and on the verge of the grave, that I once loved a girl whom I had never seen, and whose only words addressed to me were the written ones of scorn—contempt!"

There was a subtle music in his voice that rang deep down in Floris's heart and made her tremble.

At times she thought that he had been exaggerating, playing a comedy part, as it were, to amuse her, and himself too, perhaps; but the subtle ring in his voice convinced her that there was a strange weird earnestness in his story.

She tried to rise and had succeeded in making an effort, when Lady Pendleton flitted towards them.

"My dear Bruce, how kind of you to stay! And what have you two been talking about?" with her head on one side.

"I have been giving Miss—this young lady—an account of the various fishes and shells to be found within the Mediterranean circle, my dear Betty," he answered instantly and with calm gravity.

"Really? I didn't know you knew anything about them, or anything else that was useful. It is very good of you to listen to him, my dear," to Floris. "And now, Bruce, about this Fancy Fair. You must stay for it! You really must. I will take no refusal whatever. Why, great goodness I want you to help me at my stall, and to spend no end of money with me! It will be awfully jolly, you know. All the stalls are to be Swiss chalets, and the ladies are to be dressed like Swiss dairy-maids. My dear! you must be one! You will make a splendid Swiss girl."

"Oh, splendid!" murmured Lord Bruce. "Swiss girls being nearly always short and thick, with flat faces and colorless eyes, and with tow hair. Oh yes!" looking at Floris's lovely face, with its clear oval, and its dark, silky tresses, its grey eyes now gleaming softly in the emotion thrilling in her heart. "Oh, splendid!"

"Now don't be sarcastic. Of course, I know she isn't short and fair and all that! I've got eyes as well as you. But it doesn't matter——"

"No, I should think not," he assented, with a smile. "I'll go and——"

"But this Fair, Bruce! I must have you down amongst the patrons. See how well your name would read! 'Patrons: H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, etc., etc., etc.,—all the Royal Family,' you know—and then 'The Right Honorable the Earl of Norman' ——"

Floris's head sank lower. Yes, his name was Norman! But why, oh, why had she not known it before? Why did they call him Bruce?

"I'll think it over and let you know in the course of two or three months, Betty," he said, rising.

Lady Pendleton shrieked.

"Two or three months! Why, the Fair is next week! You are the most provoking of men, Bruce; now isn't he, Miss Carlisle?"

The name was spoken at last.

He was looking for his opera hat while she had been speaking, but at the sound of the name he stopped and turned, and swiftly, but slowly round upon them.

"What on earth is the matter? Why do you look at her like that? Why, Bruce, you have grown quite pale; hasn't he, dear?"

"What name did you say?" he asked, his eyes fixed upon Floris's downcast face with its closely shut lips and white brow, wrinkled under her burden of shame and confusion.

"What name? Whose name? Miss Carlisle's! This young lady's name is Miss Floris Carlisle," and she laid her hand on Floris's arm.

CHAPTER V.

CARLISLE!"

Lord Bruce Norman stood with his hat in his hand, his eyes fixed on Floris's face, his own almost stern with the shock of surprise the name had caused him.

As for Floris, she tried to meet the intent gaze with a calm, steadfast regard, but her eyes drooped, and her face grew flushed.

"Why, yes! And why not? What is the matter with you both?" demanded Lady Pendleton, volubly. "You look as if you had seen a ghost, Bruce, and you, Miss Carlisle, as if you had been caught doing something especially naughty!"

Lord Norman was one of the first to recover.

With a grim smile he took his eyes off the beautiful, downcast face, and turned them to his cousin with a kind of pitying amazement.

What a weak, little feather-flying brain it must be not to have remembered the name in the great law-suit!

"Don't be alarmed, Betty," he said, quietly; "I didn't know that I had caught the name rightly. I think I will go now," and he gave her his hand, his eyes wandering again to Floris's face, pale and proud once more.

"Now mind, Bruce!" exclaimed Lady Pendleton, clinging to his hand and covering a yawn with her fan at the same time. "You are to come to-morrow, and help us with your valuable suggestions about the Fancy Fair costumes; isn't he, my dear?"

He seemed to wait for Floris's answer, but he waited to no purpose, for, with an unintelligible murmur that might be taken for anything, she turned her head aside.

"I will not promise," he said, abruptly. "Good-night."

He held his hat in his hand, looking to see if Floris would extend her hand, but she merely inclined her head, and with a very low but stern bow he left them together.

Lady Pendleton dropped into a chair with a little laugh and looked at the door through which he had passed.

"Dear Bruce! Isn't he handsome, my dear? Not dolllished, you know—I hate your pretty men!—but right down handsome."

"Yes," assented Floris, standing a little behind her ladyship, her white brow knit with the emotion which the strange coincidence of the meeting and the still stranger confession of Lord Bruce had produced within her heart.

"How strangely you say that!" remarked Lady Pendleton, twisting her neck to look at her. "Most girls rave about him whenever they get the chance; but you are not one to rave about anything, I think; are you my dear?"

"No," assented Floris again, scarcely hearing the bird-like voice.

"I wish to goodness he would marry and settle down! It was all very well while he was poor, but now—perhaps you have heard that he has come into some money lately? Did he tell you?"

"Yes," said Floris, guiltily.

As Lord Norman had not told his cousin the connection existing between Floris and himself, she herself might be well excused from doing so, at any rate for the present, she decided. She must have time to think it over!

"Well, now he is rich he really ought to settle down! Such a splendid old name! And there is a magnificent place—Norman Holme—which he is quite well enough off now to keep up! I don't know whether I I mentioned that there was some kind of an engagement between him and Blanche Seymour—Lord Seymour's daughter. An awfully pretty girl, Blanche. Quite a beauty!

"Supremely tall and most divinely"—— or is it divinely tall and most supremely fair? I can never recollect quotations. But I don't think he was desperately in love with her. Of course it would be a bad job for me if he got married; his wife, whoever she may be, won't let him fetch and carry for me as he does now.

"But, all the same, I should be glad if he married. Young men are—" here came a yawn that was too vast to be hidden, by the fan, and Lady Pendleton rose laughing.

"How very thoughtless of me! You must be tired out! I'll ring for the candles."

Floris glided to the bell.

"Thank you! Poor Edward! He is either asleep now comfortably on the leather benches, or talking himself hoarse in the House of Commons. He never comes home till morning. Dreadful, isn't it? But you must really go to bed, my dear! You look quite pale! How beautiful that dress becomes you—" pausing with the candle in her hand, and her head on one side.

"Some people have a genius for color; you have, I should say! Just the right shade of dove, and made to perfection! Do you know I think Bruce admired your dress awfully to-night"—sleepily.

Floris's face went a vivid crimson, and her head erected itself haughtily, then remembered where and what she was, and smiled.

"Did he?"

"Yes, I am sure of it. I caught him looking at you with that peculiar look of his. Dreadfully impertinent, I know; and yet he doesn't mean it. I always say that his education has been fearfully neglected; they forgot to teach him how to conceal his thoughts."

Floris smiled. If the innocent little lady could have known how completely Lord Bruce had concealed his from her that evening!

"Yes, I am sure he admired it, and that is awfully gratifying, for Bruce's taste is simply perfect."

"Why do you call him Bruce—and not Lord Norman?" asked Floris, almost abruptly.

"Because we always called him Bruce while his father was alive, and can't get out of the way now, my dear," said Lady Pendleton. "We used to be playmates. I was always a favorite of his. Perhaps—" she sighed, then laughed "But he was so poor and Sir Edward was so pressing. You've no idea what a good fellow my husband is, my dear!" quickly—"the very best in the world! And now, good-night. Shall I come up to show you your room?"

But Floris would not permit this, and assuring her ladyship that she could find the way by herself, went to her own room.

Not until she had exchanged her frock for a dressing-gown did she allow herself to think over the strange incident of the evening.

Her brain seemed in a whirl, and she stood before the glass, her white hand pressed to her forehead, trying to realize this which had happened to her!

Was it true that she had met Lord Norman, the representative of the house which had been the enemy of her own; that she had spent the evening with him; that she had listened to the story of his strange offer, and the still stranger effect which her refusal had produced in his mind? It seemed like an incident in some wild, improbable romance!

Love! He had, not knowing who she was, in so many plain, unmistakable words told her that he loved her; that her very scorn had roused an honorable admiration in his breast, and that the few contemptuous words written on a sheet of note-paper had laid him under a spell!

Her face flushed, and her heart beat, then her eyes sank with shame.

What must he think of her, who had sat silent and allowed him to make his confession without stopping him by telling him who she was!

The thought was an agony, and she covered her eyes with her hands.

Then she sighed and turned away from the glass.

After all it did not much matter. He would not come near her again. There had been anger in his eyes and in his voice when he had said, "Good-night." He would go upon his voyage, and drop the memory of her into the blue sea.

With this thought she went to bed, but when she fell asleep, after hours of wakefulness, it was but to dream that Lord Bruce stood before her, the fatal sheet of paper in his hand, the dark eyes fixed reproachfully upon her.

Lord Norman descended the steps, and stood for a moment looking absently out at the quiet street, but when a cab pulled up, he shook his head, and strode off with the air of a man too restless to sit quiet. He passed out into Park Lane and down beside the railings, and crossed the road into Oxford Street.

Then he paused, half resolved to go to his club, but turned westward instead, and reaching a quiet street beyond the Marble Arch, rang the bell of one of the houses which, palatial in size, was divided into sets of chambers.

Ascending to his own suite, he opened the door with his key, and entered a luxuriantly decorated and furnished sitting-room.

The rays of the lamp, standing on the sandal-wood table, fell upon Persian hangings and Fox china, on delicately-inlaid Chippendale chairs, and tapestry-covered lounges.

On the over-mantel stood shelf upon shelf of specimens of rare bronzes and costly oriental ware. There were about half-a-dozen pictures on the wall, in spaces between the hangings, each a masterpiece, and in its way, unique.

The effigy of a knight in armor stood in a corner, bearing a shield with the Norman coat-of-arms and device. An old oak cabinet, with the twelve Apostles carved upon its panels, stood against the wall, facing the portrait of a tall, fair woman, on the other; and—strange contrast!—on a table near it stood a liqueur case, some large bottles of soda water, a pack of cards, and a box of cigars.

The carved furniture, the man in armor, and the other curios had been removed from Norman Holme; the old Holme of the Norman family, which Lord Norman had, until now, been too poor to keep up.

He went to the side-table and mixed himself a brandy and soda, and lit a cigar, and began to pace up and down the beautiful furnished room, as wakeful and bewildered as Floris, at that moment standing before her glass.

For some time he walked to and fro, his brows knit, his dark eyes flashing with the intentness of his thoughts; then he drew the sheet of note-paper from his pocket, and held it over the lamp, as if he had suddenly arrived at some decision. But as the paper began to curl and turn brown with the heat he drew it away.

"No, I cannot! What is the good of burning it when the girl's face, and her voice, and the very turn of her head, possess and haunt me! How beautiful she is! How beautiful!"

His eyes wandered to the portrait of the fair woman on the wall, and he shook his head.

"Yes, Blanche, more beautiful even than you! And she is the girl who flung the money in my face with scorn! Heaven, I see her in the act now! And I told her that I loved her! Was it anger, or contempt, or both, that shone in her lovely gray eyes as they met mine for the last time to-night? Why did she listen to me, why did she not stop me? Was she revelling in the story of my humiliation? Floris Carlisle! Floris! It is a beautiful name! How proud and haughty she looked! She would not extend her hand towards her enemy! And I have ruined her!

"That beautiful, peerless creature, Betty's companion! I have ruined her. The lawyers—curse them one and all!—told me so. I can see her face now! I have pictured it often enough during the last week, but never as beautiful as it looked to-night. Heaven, how she must hate me! I wish I could hate her! I wish"—flinging the cigar into the grate—"that I could hate—no, not hate, but forget, her!"

He stopped, as he spoke, before the portrait, and looked at it, and his face grew dark and troubled.

With an impatient sigh he turned to the table. A pile of letters was carefully arranged on the polished surface, and he turned them over with an abstracted air until he came to a small, square envelope.

This he took up and opened, and shaking it, as if to get rid of a delicate perfume which pervaded it, he drew the letter slowly out.

"Dear Bruce,"—he murmured, reading it—"will you come and see me to-morrow? I want to ask you about—oh, so many, many things!

"BLANCHE."

With an impatient sigh he allowed the dainty little note to drop from his fingers, and began to pace the room again, as if possessed by a demon of unrest.

At last he stopped before the portrait, and stood regarding it.

"Yes, Blanche," he murmured, "I will not see her again. I will cast off the spell, and remember my honor and my half-plighted word. Good-bye, beautiful reality more beautiful than any pictured vision. Good-bye, Floris Carlisle! You and I have met too late!"

With a sigh he turned out the lamp and went into the next room. It was the dressing-room, between the sitting-room and bed-chamber, and was dimly lit by a shaded lamp, held in the hands of a Venus Aphrodite.

There was a couch and a couple of chairs, besides the inevitable bath, and Lord Norman was taking off his coat, when suddenly from the couch there rose a man.

Lord Norman started, and stood perfectly motionless.

With a yawn the man stretched himself and stood upright, and, in doing so, presented, in form and feature, an almost perfect copy of Lord Norman himself.

Excepting that the earl was in evening dress and the man in a well-worn suit of serge, the resemblance in figure was almost complete.

There was the same white brow and dark eyes, the same clear-cut mouth—though the stranger's was weaker and irresolute—the same colored hair; even the hands, as the visitor lifted them wearily above his head, were like.

Lord Norman did not start, but stood as if turned to stone.

The awakened man yawned, and stared vacantly for a moment, then rubbing his eyes, exclaimed—

"Is that you, Bruce?"

"Raymond!" exclaimed Lord Norman, sternly.

The man, with a light laugh, held out his hand, but meeting with no response, let it drop, and laughed; a close copy of Lord Norman's own laugh.

"Surprised, eh, Bruce? Annoyed, too? Now really that isn't fair! Haven't you a welcome for your old friend? Not after five years' absence! Come, I say, you might have a friendly word or two!"

"What brings you here? Why have you come?" asked Lord Norman, sternly.

The man called Raymond laughed out loud.

"That means a long story; and you hate long stories, don't you? You always did! I've come from Australia. Bruce, you've no idea what a beast of a place Australia is, especially when you have spent most of your time in it in breaking stones! Never go to Australia, Bruce! Why have I come? Because I'd nowhere else to go! Where should I go, but to my old friend Bruce Norman?" and the visitor smiled with ineffable satisfaction, as if he had answered the question completely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PITCHERING.—This ludicrous ceremony is still practiced in some parts of Yorkshire, England, when a person goes to see his sweetheart the first time. It is performed thus:—One of the young inmates of the family takes a small pitcher and half fills it with water; he then goes, attended by his companions, and, presenting it to the lover, demands a present in money. If he is disposed to give anything, he drops his contribution into the pitcher, and they retire without further molestation. He is thus made a free man, and can quietly pay his visits in future without being subject to any similar exaction. But if, after repeated demands, the lover refuses to pay his contribution, he is either saluted with the contents of the pitcher, or a general row ensues, in which the water is spilled and the pitcher broken. If any young and frolicsome neighbor should get an inkling of this visit they will, for the sake of a little mirth, and to annoy the enamored swain, frequently join in this ceremony.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE QUALITIES OF FOOD.—A little useful information concerning the qualities of food, the amount and kind of nutrition-matter they contain, the wants of the human system and the best way of cooking, would often save fully one-third, and, in many instances, half the expense.

MOTHER EVE'S TOMB.—Situated in the desert, about a quarter of a mile from the western gate of the City of Jeddo, is an object of interest to Christian and Mussulman alike—the grave of Eve, or, as she is called in Arabic "the mother of mankind." It is difficult to trace the origin of the legend that allots to Eve this desert tomb as her last resting-place, and it is doubtful whether it is of any great antiquity. However this may be, the tomb is regarded with great veneration by the numerous pilgrims who visit Jeddo, and few fail to worship at the shrine.

OLD BELIEFS.—If, at dinner a person yet unmarried be placed inadvertently between a married couple, be sure he or she will get a partner within the year. It is a pity it must be inadvertently. If a person when rising throw down his chair, he is considered guilty of untruth. A potato begged or stolen is a preservative against rheumatism. Chestnuts have the same efficacy. If you feel on a sudden a shivering sensation in your back, there is somebody walking over your future grave. A person speaking by himself will die a violent death. Don't go under a ladder, for if you do you will be hanged.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—The late King of Prussia once sent to an aide-de-camp, Colonel Malachowski, who was brave but poor, a small portfolio bound like a book in which were deposited five hundred crowns. Some time afterwards he met the officer, and said to him, "Well, how did you like the new work I sent you?" "Excessively, sire," replied the colonel. "I read it with such interest that I await the second volume with impatience." The king smiled, and, when the officer's birthday arrived, he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved on it—"This work is complete in two volumes."

"MACHINES."—In many parts of Scotland carriages of all descriptions are called "machines." The term is used there as the word "trap" is used here. If a "machine" is wanted on Sunday, it must be asked for "to go to church." When you have it you can go where you like. Coaches were first introduced into England by Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, in 1580. A pair of horses was the limit. Buckingham, in 1619, commenced the practice of harnessing six horses to a carriage. In the reign of Henry IV. of France carriages were so rare that, when the king wanted to go anywhere and the queen happened to have the carriage out, his majesty had to remain at home!

WHITE OR BLACK.—The origin of the practice of using white and black balls to denote approval and disapproval especially is thought to be the same as that of marking days in the calender white or black according as they were good or evil. The ancient Thracians or Scythians had a custom of throwing into an urn or quiver every night before they slept a white pebble if the day had passed pleasantly, or a black one if it had not. At their deaths the pebbles were counted, and their lives were judged to have been happy or unhappy as the white or black preponderated. From this probably grew the Roman custom of marking lucky days with chalk and unlucky ones with charcoal. The Romans voted at trials with white and black pebbles.

WROUGHT IRON.—Wrought, otherwise called bar or malleable iron, is made from the rough pig-iron in this manner: it is first refined, which is chiefly done in the "puddling furnace," the iron being exposed to very great heat, and stirred about while a strong current of air plays over its surface; the intense heat consumes the carbonaceous matter remaining in the iron, and all the earthly impurities rise to the surface in the form of slag, and allowed to run off. Gradually as the iron becomes purer, its fusibility generally lessens, and it becomes tough like dough, even though the heat of the furnace be undiminished; it is then withdrawn, and while still red-hot is beaten with the forge-hammer or subjected to rolling, by which means it becomes much more tenacious, from its particles being more closely compacted. This process converts hard, brittle, fusible pig metal into a tough elastic bar, very malleable, but hardly fusible at all.

ROLLING THE PUMPKIN.—It is told of an excellent minister that happening one day to pass by the open door of a room where his daughters and some young friends were assembled, he thought, from what he overheard, that they were making too free with the characters of their neighbors; and, after their visitors had departed, he gave his children a lecture on the sinfulness of scandal. They answered— "But, father, what shall we talk about? We must talk about something!" "If you can do nothing else," he replied, "get a pumpkin and roll it about; that will at least be innocent diversion." A short time after an association of ministers met at his house, and during the evening some discussions on points of doctrine were earnest, and their voices were so loud as to indicate the danger of losing their Christian temper, when his eldest daughter, overhearing them, procured a pumpkin, and entering the room gave it to her father, and said— "There, father, roll it about!" The minister was obliged to explain to his brethren, and good-humor was instantly restored.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY E. C.

So still and calm, so beautiful the night,
The burning heat had passed;
To eyes that wearied with excess of light
Darkness had come at last.

Far overhead, in the deep vault of heaven,
Stars kept their brilliant way—
The great Orion, and those Sisters Seven,
With all their bright array.

And as I watched the glorious firmament,
Behold, a bright star fell;
So silently it fell, with slow descent
A sad and mute farewell.

Say, hast thou left the sphere appointed thee,
Like some lost earthly soul,
Finding thy faith and patience failing thee
Before thou'dst won the goal?

Or hast thou taken but a lower room,
In which to work and pray;
Unselfish love seeking, through toil and gloom,
Those that have gone astray?

With trembling hope and passionate desire
The eager questions rose;
Unselfish, unquenched, they still aspire,
Till this strange life shall close.

Striving to penetrate the mystery,
Our human senses fail,
Till Death, the great revealer, passing by,
Gently withdraws the veil.

Bound With a Chain.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

SO much the better, dear," Miss Tresillian cried, with recovered cheerfulness. "It's far nicer to be born good-looking. Are you thinking of going to your room?"—as Avis rose. "The first door to the left on the landing above, I think"—vaguely. "Shall I ring for some one to show it to you? I hope you'll find everything right."

So dismissed, with a gay, smiling nod, Miss Derrick departed in search of her own apartment, and, having found it, not as indicated, made haste to celebrate this new beginning of her life with a joyful burst of tears.

Dinner, Avis understood, was at seven; at ten minutes before that hour, therefore, she was standing outside the door, buttoning her long black gloves, in lingering fashion, as one who loiters purposely.

She had spent three minutes in the process, and was debating with herself the propriety of beginning all over again, when a door on the same landing opened suddenly and a man came out, in evening-dress, with an open book in his hand, a dry and rusty-looking volume that seemed to breathe of law.

He was reading with an intentness which would have taken him past her, unconscious of her presence, had she not stepped forward to arrest him.

"May I interrupt you for a moment?" she asked, confused and blushing. "I—want to say something to you."

"Certainly"—looking much surprised, and with a stiff bow. "I am at your service."

"It is only," she began with difficulty—"I mean——"

"Yes?"

"I wanted to beg your pardon!" she burst out desperately, urged by the wondering question in his glance. "I was very rude to you to-day, horribly rude—and—and—I felt that I could not sit at your table and eat your salt without making an apology. That is all."

There was silence for a moment.

"I am sorry you should have troubled yourself about it," he said then, somewhat awkwardly, but with a perceptible thaw in the chilliness of his tone. "It was really of very little consequence!"

"Was it?" she said, in a mortified voice, turning her head away. "I am sorry to have interrupted you for such a little matter then. But I thought you were annoyed, and—I was very sorry."

"Please do not be," he exclaimed hurriedly. "I'm afraid I received your apology churlishly; but I was taken by surprise, and my manner is invariably bad, I believe"—with a half-laugh. "I assure you I quite appreciate your goodness in making it. But," glancing quickly round, "your rooms are not up here, surely? I told them to get ready those my cousin occupied on the drawing-room floor."

"Your mother directed me here," Avis said, wondering; "so there could be no mistake."

"But there was," he retorted vexedly. "I gave particular directions that you should not be put on this landing, because—because, in fact, my own rooms are here. I am obliged to sit up very late at night sometimes, and should be likely to disturb you in passing your door. I must have this arranged."

"Please do not, on my account!" Avis exclaimed. "I don't mind in the least; I am a very sound sleeper; I should hate to upset any of Mrs. Tresillian's arrangements and indeed prefer remaining where I am, unless"—with a sudden brilliant blush—"you object to my being here."

A smile flashed swiftly into Tresillian's eyes, his firm lips unbent.

"I think I ought to claim another apology for that speech," he said, with unwonted gaiety; and then, hearing the summons of the gong, both hurried down the stairs to dinner.

Avis was some steps in advance, the draped trail of her long gown keeping Tresillian at a respectful distance; she had reached the hall before him, and quickly opened the nearest door.

It was not the dining-room, she saw at once, but a sort of study, decidedly shabby as to furniture, with a big shaded gas-jet burning over a well-worn writing-table, heaped with books and papers, an old arm-chair drawn in front of it, and a general atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, strange, yet not unpleasant.

She had taken all this in in a moment, while Tresillian sprang forward with embarrassed explanation and apology.

"Not there—the dining-room is on the other side. I beg your pardon; I should have warned you that this is my den. I'm afraid you are half-suffocated with the smoke."

"I beg your pardon—no—I liked it," Avis answered confusedly, turning from the door.

Her heart was beating with a feeling she could not understand; she could not tell why this revelation of the man's home-life should so curiously effect her.

She sat through dinner with absent eyes, noting little in the room beyond a pair of portraits, matches, one of her hostess, in court dress, all diamonds, lappets, and plumes, the other of a distinguish-looking elderly man, robed as a judge, whose strong likeness to Tresillian at once proclaimed him his father.

"Do you mind very much being alone, dear?" Mrs. Tresillian asked, after the ladies had returned to the drawing-room. "I'm so sorry, but I have an engagement for to-night which I could not withdraw from, a birthday reception—a very old friend—and I've got a new gown for it, a horribly dear one too. Really, Elise has no conscience; she will ruin me! And one must dress, it's a duty one owes society. So you see, dear, I can't help going."

"Of course—indeed, I should be miserable if you stayed at home for me," Avis returned, with truth.

Mrs. Tresillian kissed her, gave her some novels to read, and fluttered gaily away; Avis sat on, over the fire, her head on her hand, the tea slowly cooling on the table by her side.

About twenty minutes after her hostess had shut the door, it opened again to admit Tresillian. Avis glanced up at him with a half-startled look.

"You have come for your tea? I'm afraid it's rather cold—shall I ring for some fresh?"

"Not at all, I like it cold. Thanks," as he gently took the cup she poured out; then abruptly—"I thought my mother was here."

"She has gone out; she had an engagement."

"Gracious goodness, the fourth this week!" he muttered, frowning. "I hope you don't mind?"—eagerly. "She would be very sorry to neglect you, I know, it is only that she is a little thoughtless. I hope you are not dull!"

"Not in the least, thank you, I have plenty of amusement here."

The situation somehow had an element of awkwardness in it, for which Mrs. Tresillian's absence might, or might not, account. Tresillian got up, in answer to a scratching at the door, to let in a little blue-gray terrier, for whose presence he apologized, and whom he ordered at once to get under the table.

Avis opened one of the books her hostess had offered her, and began to read some lines of it, absently, without heeding what she read; she knew it was French, and little else, till Tresillian's voice, short and stern, startled her.

"Will you kindly allow me to look at that book?" it said.

The words were an entreaty, but the tone was a command; Avis felt haughty on the instant.

"Which?" she asked coldly.

"This."

He laid a strong hand on the yellow-coated novel, and swept it and two or three others of its kind into his keeping. "Just as I thought!" he muttered, turning the volumes over with wrathful looks.

"I'm sorry to deprive you of your amusement, Miss Derrick, but I cannot allow you to read such books as these."

"Cannot allow!" she repeated, flushing angrily. "Excuse me; but I cannot recognize your right to dictate to me in this matter. Will you be so kind as to give me back those books?"

"Most certainly I will not."

He took the books up deliberately, placed them under his arm, and rose.

"They are not fit for your reading."

"I am the best judge myself, I think, as to what is fit for me!" rising too, with flashing eyes and heaving chest.

"I doubt it," drily. "And, in any case, I cannot permit you to become acquainted with evil that you may learn to distinguish it from good."

"I can't see that my morals are any business of yours!" Avis cried, crimson, but defiant.

"Possibly not. Nevertheless I don't mean to let you poison your mind with such reading as this so long as you remain under my roof."

"What is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander, I suppose?"—sneering. "I presume the books are your own?"

"You may presume what you like!" casting a wrathful look at her, and striking towards the door. "I cannot see what the fact of their being mine could have to do with the matter.

"A great deal, I think, considering what high ground you take on the question of propriety. Apparently you practice it by proxy."

Tresillian's pale face reddened.

"I don't think," he said, in a low cutting voice, "you can be in earnest in wishing to read those—those vile things!" with a lowering look at the yellow pile under his arm. "With one who did not understand your character, your obstinacy would place it in a very ugly light. For my part"—with a vexed, tired sigh—"I cannot understand why women should delight to lower themselves from the pedestals we men would set them on."

The door closed; he was gone. Avis dropped back into her chair, crossed her arms upon the table, and hid her burning face in them.

It was tingling as with a blow from those last words of his; memory woke, and stung her with keenest humiliated pangs. She did not quite know how long she so lay, deaf and blind with misery; she was roused out of lethargy by the sharp joyous bark of the dog which its master had shut in, and which had been sitting since with mournful patience at the door, now and then entreating by a faint whine, to be let out to follow him.

Avis had not heeded those demonstrations; but she was startled into attention by the creature's loud yelp of joy, and hurriedly looked up to find Tresillian standing beside her, looking down with a perturbed face on her tear-stained uplifted one. He turned his head away hastily, mercifully forbearing to scrutinise those wet eyes, that agonized hot blush.

"I ought to apologize for disturbing you again," he began, in a quick uncomfortable voice; "but the fact is it was to make an apology I came. I have been thinking over our—our recent conversation; and I have come to the conclusion that the manner in which I gave my advice was discourteous and disagreeable, and that you had a perfect right to resent it. I consider," hastily, "that I was quite justified in doing what I did, but not as I did it; you understand?"

"Perfectly; and I think it is very kind of you to say so," she answered treacherously. "I'm sorry I was so impertinent; and I hope you will believe me when I say that I had no wish to read the book, none at all! I had only just opened it. It was my dreadful temper!" with an effort. "I hate to give in!"

"So do most of us, I think," he said, smiling slightly.

"And you believe me?"

"Certainly I do! I have brought you another book, Miss Derrick, Black's last novel, which I hope you will like," laying it on the table.

"Thank you. I—I will try to keep my temper better in future," Avis faltered, hanging her head. All the ruddy gold on it was sparkling in the light.

"And I to mend my manners!" Tresillian said, with his rare bright smile. "I must get back to my work now. Good-night, Miss Derrick!"

Then he called to his dog, and took his final departure.

CHAPTER VII.

THIS first day of Avis's presence in the Tresillian household might be accepted as a sample of many scattered through the six months that followed.

Calms there were amid these storms—nay, lengthy spells of actual fair weather, when man and woman met day by day, face to face and eye to eye, in amity—rays of such soul-gladening sunshine as never hitherto had shone on Avis Derrick's life; but many a rainy morn and eve, nipping frost, sharp hail, and bitter blast had broken in upon the halcyon time and withered all its promise.

Not all the good resolutions, on both sides liberally made, could restrain the combatants, once some apple of discord, flung between, had set them in arms against each other; nor yet the dismal forecast of that biting of the dust and eating of humble-pie involved in the presently-forced apology.

Plentiful as their bickerings were, they might have been yet more numerous had not Tresillian adhered as closely as might be to his promise of keeping out of Miss Derrick's way; though it is doubtful whether Miss Derrick was as grateful as she should have been for this delicate attention to her wish.

She had learnt a great deal in these months past of her host's character and mode of life; and, woman-like, had leaped to a second conclusion, as absolute as her first, regarding him. It had come to this with her now, that the world of men for her narrowed into one, and that man John Tresillian.

She had studied him very carefully. She had found out the defects in his character—found them few and slight blemishes amid many and great beauties.

Specially was she moved to admire his behavior to his mother, his stoic patience with her frivolity, extravagance, conceit, his humble endurance of her lamentations, frequent and public, over his own want of manner, of appearance, of *esprit*—his resolute bearing with her follies and endeavors to amend and cover them.

Long since had Avis discovered to whom pertained those pernicious novels, the bones of contention on that first night. Mrs. Tresillian was an eager reader of Zola, About, Belot, and their school; the yellow covers were always lying about, offending her son's eyes and exciting in him. Avis saw, with secret amusement, constant fears for her power of resisting temptation. Miss Derrick had fitted into her niche in the household more rapidly and perfectly than she had thought would be possible.

Mrs. Tresillian had not found her, after all, a truly kindred spirit; Avis had disappointed her by an undue disposition to "seriousness" and the shaping and sewing of Dorcas garments; but she consoled herself by making the girl useful in many ways, and, at worst, she was some one to talk to.

Avis found little duties fall gradually into her hands to perform, housekeeping-matters, the care of the tradesmen's books, the store-closet, the linen, dealings with hard fact loathed of Mrs. Tresillian's weak soul.

She even kept, by stealth and proxy, an eye on the wardrobe of the house-master, sending Sarah to search out buttonless shirts, decaying socks, gloves yawning at the seams, and herself repairing the damages with anxious haste and neatness. Nurse Sarah got all the thanks—but what of that? Miss Derrick had all the labor, which was her heart's desire.

It was early May now; skies were bluer, airs softer, the greenness of the spring time was dawning freshly, even in sooty square gardens and dingy London parks; and a new misery, born of an old fault, came into Avis's life.

She had gone out one day with Mrs. Tresillian to make calls; and, after sitting out two or three, had wearied of the round, and begged to be set down at the gate of Kensington Gardens, and called for there on her hostess's return.

She had spent half an hour pleasantly enough, pacing dreamily under the trees in an unfrequented alley, when a man, who had been walking quickly towards her, stopped suddenly in front of her, and raised his hat, with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. It was Lewis Wynter.

It seemed to Avis that the old chain, loosely coiled around her, had tightened, with a hard jerk, into a winding, wounding fetter.

She stood still, with a death-white face, staring at him, the very breath suspended on her lips. She knew it was a shock, that she had not been expecting it, and yet it seemed too that she had looked forward for this for years! It was her spectral terror in corporeal shape at last!

There could be no mistake. He looked much older certainly; there were faint crows'-feet about his eyes and lines around his mouth deeper than should be on the face of a man of thirty-seven, and the expression of it, neutral in old times, had settled now into something cold, hard and shifty.

Avis saw all this, even while he stood before her, smiling and talking of an unexpected pleasure and her being so little changed.

She awoke suddenly, with a shiver, and hurriedly turned to pass him; but he perceived the intent and thwarted it, barring her passage with a sudden darkening of his face.

"You have made no mistake in recognising me," he said, there was something dangerous now in the lowered tone of his voice. "You are making one in turning away—so great a one indeed that I am obliged to remind you of the very confidential character of our old acquaintance."

"It is that very thing which I desire to forget," Avis cried, her pale face beginning to blaze with color now. "Let me pass, sir; I wonder you dare look me in the face."

She made another attempt to pass him, but again he deliberately frustrated it.

"I dare a good deal more than that," he said, with a short laugh. "Come, Avis, you're not a child now; you must understand very well that it's your interest to be friends with me."

"I understand nothing of the kind," she answered haughtily, but with an effort—"unless that any offer of friendship from you to me is an insult! Be so good as to let me pass!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind till I've said my say. You're playing the ingenue, pretending ignorance or obtusity; but it's rather thin for me. Things have gone too far between us for such a pretence. I shall put the state of affairs in plain words before you, and let you take your choice of two courses—peace or war.

"Of course you're very well aware that I've got your name in my hands, and that it rests with me entirely whether the history of your elopement with me, seven and a half years ago, becomes public property or not? Yes, I see you understand that," looking with cruel coolness at the girl's miserably changing face, now death-pale, now poppy-red.

"Well, I've no desire whatever to publish that story; provided," as she looked up with a sudden gleam of hope, "you treat me as I wish; receive me, in fact, as an old friend. I say nothing of a nearer relation now; but I demand to be placed on the footing of an intimate, privileged to call on you at Tresillian's house if I wish. You see I know where you are staying."

"And if I refuse to accede to the demands?" Avis inquired calmly.

She was wholly pale now, and her face looked quite rigid.

"Then it will be war to the knife?" he said, turning a black and bitter look on her. "I'm not the sort of man to bear trampling on, Miss Derrick, for which, in good part, you've yourself to thank! When you made a fool of me that night, you did me a greater wrong than you know of; you sent me to ruin. I meant to be a good husband to you and I would have been—I was fonder of you than of any other woman I've seen before or since——"

"Stop, please," Avis interrupted, in a low angry voice. "I don't care to hear about that."

The passion-spots of red had begun to burn again upon her cheeks; her eyes looked dark and wild above them.

"I regret being obliged to remind you that it is your best policy to listen to whatever I wish to say," he intimated, with sudden sinister politeness. "Unless, indeed, you choose the other alternative? In that case, Miss Derrick, there will probably be a paragraph or two in one of the society journals anent that little escapade of yours; and—presto—all the women will turn their backs on you, firmly persuaded that you are not sinned against, but sinning. I know your charming sex, you see. I can imagine perfectly what Mrs. Tresillian, for instance, would say on the subject, and that precious prig, her son——"

"Stop!" Avis cried, stamping her foot. "If I am to buy the privilege of your friendship, Captain Wynter"—with bitter emphasis—"at the cost of listening to such speeches as these, I decline the boon. I may as well hear them from others as from you, though what you can hope to gain by such unmanly persecution of a helpless woman it puzzles me to imagine. Let me pass, I say! Thank Heaven, at least your power to insult me will be gone when you have told that miserable story. I need never then see your face again."

"You are the same as ever, I see," he muttered, still resolutely barring her progress in the quiet side-walk where he stood still staring at her with dark eyes burning under his drawn black brows. "Enough to drive a man mad with your tempers and caprices, and that beautiful face of yours. Look here, Avis Derrick, I'm more of a fool about you than ever, I believe, I'll make an easy bargain with you. Only treat me with decent civility, and I'll treat you with kindness; I'll hold my tongue about that old story, to you and every one else, I promise, and I'll keep my word. Come, it's not much I ask, a smile and a few friendly words when we meet; it's not a heavy price to pay for keeping such a secret!"

"No," Avis allowed faintly. The reaction had come after her late excitement; she was trembling all over now, her lips were shaking as they formed the words. "I shall be grateful to you, if you will do that. Now, may I go, please? I—I have an appointment!"

"Let me walk with you to the gate then."

Avis did not dare demur; and so it came about that Mrs. Tresillian, looking out of her brougham as it drew up before the gate saw Captain Wynter strolling towards her by Miss Derrick's side, and recognized him with an airy nod and smile.

He had been a school-friend of her son's; and, if John did not now altogether approve of him, why, he had a disagreeable way of disparaging many people who were very well received in society, and championing impossible persons whom she found herself obliged to taboo!

There was no doubt of the position Captain Wynter's people occupied; so Mrs. Tresillian received him graciously enough, and his compliment on her charming looks very graciously indeed.

Before the carriage rolled away, he had obtained what he was fishing for, an invitation to look in at afternoon tea-time some evening soon.

Avis had had to give him her hand at parting, and a forced pale smile, which he returned with a plainly exulting one, as he stood, with lifted hat, watching them drive away. On the whole, he thought he had done well.

* * * * *

"You are not looking very well, Miss Derrick; I'm afraid town doesn't agree with you."

Tresillian made the remark in an odd half-gruff sort of voice, with a little pucker in his forehead.

He had been helping his guest to fruit, and could not help noticing how her hand shook as she stretched it out for the plate.

Avis denied the imputation, her pale face suddenly in a flame. Would he find out next that she had been crying? She was sitting with her back to the light, the gold-green twilight of a fair May evening; but even in the dusk, she could feel his eyes upon her face, and she had a foolish fancy that it was impossible to hide from him anything he wished to know.

She protested hurriedly that she was quite well, that town agreed with her perfectly, yes, she took plenty of exercise in answer to an inquiry from Tresillian.

"She walked for an hour in the Gardens yesterday," Mrs. Tresillian said, stretching a white hand carelessly towards the dish of figs in front of her. "And that reminds me, whom do you think we saw there, John? Your old friend Lewis Wynter."

"No friend of mine!" Tresillian declared curtly, bringing the nut-crackers together with an ominous crunch upon a walnut. "You were not more than barely civil to him, I hope? He has come into some small property lately by the death of an aunt, and is trying, on the strength of it, to recover some standing in society. Countenance from a lady in your position would help him to bolster up a damaged reputation; he'll try to ingratiate himself with you, no doubt; so I warn you now not to receive him as a friend; he wouldn't be a creditable one!"

He was cracking nuts as he spoke, rapidly with sharp little reports like pistol-shots: he had accumulated an extravagant pile of them on the plate before him, and glowered at them now with a sort of angry helplessness.

"Have some walnuts, Miss Derrick?" he said, pushing the plate towards her.

"No, thank you," Avis answered almost inaudibly, with whitening lips.

"Really, John," Mrs. Tresillian exclaimed, with a little vexed titter, "you are so horribly downright, you quite frighten one! What has poor Captain Wynter done, I should like to know? One would think he had committed forgery, at least, by the way you speak of him! It can't be pleasant for Avis, whose old friend he is, to hear you."

Tresillian wheeled suddenly upon his chair so as to face Miss Derrick.

"My mother is correctly informed, I suppose?" he asked, in a voice of dry disgust. "Captain Wynter claims you, Miss Derrick, as a friend?"

Avis crushed her hands helplessly together, lifting, with a hopeless wild appeal, her miserable eyes to his. She felt as though he had commanded her to sign her death-warrant, and there was no escape.

"Yes," she said dully, in a sort of broken whisper.

It was all over now.

"In that case"—with sarcastic civility—"there's no more to be said. I have only to apologize to Miss Derrick for the unfortunate slip I have made in disparaging her friend, and hope that she may find him a safe and pleasant one. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll get to my work."

He rose as he spoke, and left the room. Avis looked after him with dumb despairful eyes. Truly her chain had begun to gall.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the month that followed, it seemed to Avis that those fetters were eating into her very soul.

Captain Wynter was not the man to neglect his opportunities. He took advantage of Mrs. Tresillian's permission to drop in to tea a few days after it was given, devoting himself a good deal to his hostess during the hour he stayed, and making himself so agreeable that a second invitation was the result of the first. After that it became no uncommon thing for him to appear twice weekly, an arrangement which, as the days for his appearance varied, had the effect of keeping Avis, for a couple of hours every evening, stretched on the rack of her wretched expectations, feverishly listening for the sound of his knock, his step.

She had to give him her hand when he came, to force a smile of greeting to her dry lips, to look into his face, to answer when he spoke to her; and, when he did not come, there was that long agony of suspense, of watching, of listening.

Avis did not know whether the active or the passive misery were the harder to be borne.

And this was not all.

An impassable barrier had risen between her and John Tresillian from the day on which her trembling lips, telling their unwilling lie, had owned to the entertaining of a friendship for Lewis Wynter. And no wonder, the girl thought, loyal in her pain; fire and ice might no more live together than these two stand side by side in any woman's heart. He had cast her out from the least share in his, that was evident; she was not worthy of ever so small a portion of his regard.

Chilliest civility was now her sole deserving—stern, still-angry looks—sometimes polite sneers—most often total absence.

Mr. Tresillian dined out very often now, and showed the stubbornest attachment, on home-staying nights, to his dingy den down-stairs. He looked tired and rather ill of late, Avis thought, with miserable silent pangs of yearning and regret, like a man burning the candle at both ends, wearing himself out with work and worry.

She had some faint fancy, which was half fear, half a painful hope, that the dissolution of their fellowship had had something to do with his weary and troubled looks; but this fancy she was obliged, with humbled blushes, to relinquish.

The person who put this little delusion to flight was a young North-country squire, by name Hugh Massey, a cousin of Tresillian's, who had taken to calling very frequently of late at the house in Norfolk Square.

"John seems to have been working double tides lately," he observed one evening, when Tresillian had alleged his usual excuse of business for leaving the drawing-room, once his cup of tea was swallowed. "The silk gown coming so close goads him on, I suppose. Hope he won't over-do it!"

"I don't think he is looking quite well," Avis remarked, with studied calmness.

"Oh, well!" said young Massey, smiling. "He's well enough, I think; he's awfully strong, though he doesn't look it—could lick any fellow of his size at Harrow. But it takes the good out of life, somehow, to be always driving at something—looking so far before you, you can't see what's round about. It's not as if he wanted to do it either. He'll be worth about two thousand a year, I suppose, when cousin Linda dies, without his profession at all. For my part, I can't imagine how he can like to stay down there, stewing over musty books, when he might be spending the time up here"—he turned an eloquent look on his girl-companion's drooped auburn head, and colored suddenly. "I know I couldn't do it, if I were in his place," he added, in a low voice.

"No, I don't think you could," retorted Avis, with a faint smile. "Stewing, as you call it, isn't much in your line, Mr. Massey."

"Now you're down on me, Miss Derrick," he said, heaving a great sigh. "And upon my word, I don't think you need be! I assure you, I'm one of the humblest fellows going. I know I'm no sap, and stupid, and that; but I'm not a bad fellow either, 'pon my word, I'm not! If—if you'd believe that, Miss Derrick——"

"To be one of the humblest people going you have a tolerable opinion of yourself, Mr. Massey," said Miss Derrick, with a rather tremulous laugh; and she rose hurriedly, declaring that she must show him her latest acquisition in the way of china—a Palissy dish, enwreathed with writhing serpents, whose beauties Hugh understood about as well as he understood the Aztec tongue. But the words that had been hovering on his lips were stayed—for the time.

Avis had not much vanity; but she could not help seeing Hugh Massey's condition, and that he was only waiting his opportunity to ask her to be his wife. Unfortunately, too, unwittingly she had given him encouragement.

She liked the young fellow, partly for his own sake, partly for Tresillian's, with whom he was a favorite, and had got into the habit of late of making him a screen between herself and the hateful attentions of Lewis Wynter. There was little doubt now what way his "friendship" pointed.

The appearance of Hugh Massey as a candidate for Miss Derrick's hand had stimulated into jealous activity the covetousness of the man who had had that once within his own grasp and lost it. He could scarcely hide his fierce dislike of the young Squire, or subdue the inclination he felt to take forcible possession of Avis when he called, and prevent her even speaking to any other man. No wonder that pathetic wistfulness grew in the girl's sweet eyes and smile, and her clear peach cheeks lost something of their bloom.

Tresillian, coming up one afternoon with a book for his mother, was disagreeably impressed by this aspect of affairs.

He had brought his mother her cup of tea, and one for himself, to the window where she sat, and against which he leaned, talking to her. Captain Wynter took advantage of the fact to move to the Sutherland table, at which Avis presided, and remain there, making a third where there had been but two, and ruthlessly thwarting young Massey's attempts at keeping the conversation confidential.

Something fierce, vigilant, lowering in his looks conveyed a plain-enough meaning to the keen observer's gray watchful eyes, which were struck painfully too by Avis's reception of the newcomer's attentions—her evident shrinking dislike of them and him, yet constrained deprecation of his displeasure—like, the watcher thought, the fearful flutterings of a bird fascinated by a serpent and slowly dropping into his venomed jaws.

Some other people came in presently, young Massey, growing impatient, went; and Tresillian saw Captain Wynter and Avis withdraw to the farther end of the room, where, under pretense of looking at the famous Palissy, an animated conversation was carried on in undertones, accompanied, on the man's part, by angry frowns, on the girl's by paling cheeks and glances of indignation and appeal.

They were quite unconscious of his scrutiny. He put down his cup, and, making a hurried apology to his mother's visitors, left the room, all the fine lines of his face set in a purposeful stern gravity.

A quarter of an hour later, Captain Wynter, passing through the hall on his way out was arrested by the sound of a voice.

"Come in here, please," it said. "I want ten minutes' conversation with you."

Tresillian was standing at the door of his "den," turning a pale, cold, quiet face to the other man's darkly-flushed one. Wynter felt that there was something ominous in that aspect, even while he accepted that invitation with an attempt at swagger. Tresillian shut the door, and took his stand by the table.

"I shall come to the point at once," he said calmly. "I've seen something to-day which I'm sorry I didn't notice sooner. I might have spared some pain where a great deal, I fear, has been suffered. Your visits here, Captain Wynter, are evidently distasteful in the extreme to Miss Derrick. I must therefore request that they cease at once, and that henceforth you make no attempt to force on the young lady an acquaintance which cannot be agreeable to her. You understand, I hope!"

"Not quite," the other returned, with a disagreeable smile. "I fail to understand for one thing, your right to dictate to the young lady as to her choice of friends."

"That's easily made comprehensible," Tresillian said quietly. "Miss Derrick was left to my care by her father, and I consider myself her guardian as long as she remains under my roof. Anything else you wish explained?"

"No, I merely wish to intimate that Miss Derrick probably knows her own business better than her guardian"—sneering—"and has the sense, of two evils, to choose the less."

"You have threatened her then, I see," Tresillian said, with a glance of fiery disdain. "You unmanly cad! If you had a spark of decency in you, you would have died, rather than cast the folly you involved her in in that poor child's face, the one shadow on her innocent life, thrown from your black base one! But, bah! There isn't one such spark in you! I guessed you were trading on her fears when I saw how she shrank from you to-day. She shall not suffer your persecution any longer, though, that I swear!"

"I should like to know how you mean to keep your oath," Wynter inquired sarcastically. "Considering how much I've got in my power, I don't think you're wise to defy me on your fair ward's account. I must say she is wiser in her generation than you, Tresillian. You may forbid me this house, of course; but how can you prevent my saying what I choose outside it? Better drop the champion, my good fellow, and let Miss Derrick and me alone; we know our own business best."

The tone was insolent in the last degree; Captain Wynter rose as he spoke, and moved towards the door.

"Stay a moment. I thought you'd understand that I make no promise which I have not the means of performing," Tresillian declared, with cool contempt. He was unlocking a drawer in the table, and taking something out of it. "You remember this, I dare say?" he said.

"This" was a slip of printed lilac-colored paper, scrawled with names and figures—evidently a cancelled cheque. He held it up, in full sight, but out of reach of his companion, who visibly changed color as he looked at it. He removed his hand from the door, and came back a pace.

"How—how did you come by that?" he asked hoarsely.

"You recognize it, I see," Tresillian said, with a sorrowful smile, restoring the paper to the drawer. "Conyers gave it to me. He was by no means so drunk as you supposed him to be that night, but was quite capable of recollecting the amount of his losings and the sum for which he drew the cheque—besides, cleverly as the change was effected, he could discover traces of the original '3' under that figure '5.' You were very hard up at the time, I suppose—near the end of your tether, or you'd scarcely have run such a risk. He brought the cheque to me, and asked my advice—whether to prosecute and let the whole matter come out in a court of law, or to lose the two hundred pounds and save his reputation."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STRANGE FASHION.—My first sight of Thibetan woman was in the valley of Brahmapootra, where that river recieves the waters of the Sampoo.

There were ten or a dozen of these women and when I first saw them I took them for negroes, for their faces looked black enough—far darker than the darkest Hindoo I had ever seen—but upon approaching nearer, I found that the feminine faces were smeared with a pasty substance like conserve of figs, or purple plums.

I asked the Jamindar who accompanied us what it meant, but he did not know. He only knew that it was a custom throughout Thibet, when women appeared abroad, for them to render themselves thus hideous by daubing their faces with black paste.

He thought it was a religious regulation rather than a custom freely adopted by the woman.

At Lassa I found a communicative priest, who explained to me the mystery.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century a Grand Lama ruled in Thibet who was more rigid and austere than had been any of his predecessors.

In that day the Thibetan women were as fond of exhibiting their native beauty, and as fond of adorning it, as are the women of other countries.

In fact, they had become rather extravagant in the matter of dress and adornment, and, as a natural result a craving for other luxuries followed.

By slow but sure degrees, this contagion of fashion spread among the families of the holy lamas, and even the Buddhist convents were contaminated.

The Grand Lama beheld this state of things with alarm, and determined to stop it; and to that end he published an edict forbidding women to appear abroad without having first besmeared their faces as above described; the severest penalties, and the wrathful displeasure of Buddha were threatened all who should disobey.

When we remember that the Grand Lama is not only a spiritual sovereign but that he is regarded as a divine person, and when we also remember that of about five million population there are nearly ninety thousand priests, or lamas, of greater or less degree in Thibet, we shall not wonder that the women finally submitted.

In time,, what had at first been regarded as a most distasteful and disagreeable necessity, became a matter of emulation, and she who could make her face most repulsive was deemed the most devout and pious.

In the remote districts the custom is still rigidly adhered to; in the southern cities, however; women may occasionally be met with wearing very clean and pretty faces; but they are not held to be of good reputation. E.

ARAB WOMEN AS FIGHTERS.—From the earliest period of their history the women of the desert tribes were as celebrated for their skill with lance or bow as for that bronze beauty which the composers of the qusidah or the muallakat were never weary of describing. Before Islam it was the boast of many Arabian tribes, as it was afterward of certain Tartar hordes, that their women could fight as well as the men; the Himaryites were among the most famous of these. All through those ancient Arabian poems, to which Mahomet is said to have referred his final authority for the meaning of certain words or phrases in the Koran, one finds legends of Arab girls celebrated for their equestrianism, their dexterity with the scimetar, and even for the number of men they have overcome in single combat. Islam, by insubordinating the women to the man, and destroying the idea of male and female equality, did much to extinguish the warrior spirit of the fair sex throughout the greater part of the Orient, but in the deserts of Arabia and Northern Africa something of those ancient ideas still prevail.

A GOOD woman, says a cynic, wears a man; a bad one troubles him.

WASTE AND WORTH.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

We often see e'en thrown away as waste,
  Odd scraps of metal coated o'er with rust:
But some there are who know their worth confessed
  Altho' scarce more than seeming dirt or dust.
They cast them in the purging furnace heat,
  And bring them forth with flame and fire blent,
Restored anew, for any purpose meet—
  For good in art, for taste, for ornament.

Thus men their fellows frequent from them spurn,
  As something vile and cumbrous on the Earth—
Yet there is One whose wisdom can discern,
  A gem within them still of priceless worth.
He leads them thro' the blaze of cleansing grace,
  Till coming forth in glowing robes of light,
They well adore the brightest chosen place,
  In Truth, in Power, Virtue and in Right.

Hence learn that all may serve an end below,
And something good the poorest, meanest show

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

NEWS FROM TOWN.

IT was Sheldrake who felt back heavily, and at the same moment the door was banged and locked.

"Stand aside!" roared Range, as Sarah Pannell barred the way.

"Stop!" she cried, fiercely. "You shall not pass."

"You often longed for one of my embraces, Sarah Pannell!" cried Range; "now you shall have it;" and, catching her in his arms, he swung her up and carried her for a few yards, struggling vainly, to the first room he passed, into which he thrust her, banging the door and turning the key, but in his excitement not noticing that the lock was broken.

"Arthur!" she loudly shrieked; "stay—stay!"

The words sounded muffled upon his ears as he ran to the stairs and bounded down, to find Jane at the foot, trembling, and with her jaw dropped.

As she saw him rushing towards her she fell upon her knees.

"Don't — please don't hurt me, Mr. Arthur," she sobbed. "I do like you so much!"

"Hush!" he panted, seizing a coat from the hall stand, and throwing it on; and after hastily buttoning it over his white flannels, choosing a hat that fitted him. "Where are those dogs?"

"At the back, Mr. Arthur," she whimpered.

"Six o'clock," he muttered, as he glanced at a timepiece on the wall.

"Oh, please!" sobbed the girl.

"Go and quiet them. Stop; which is the key of the gate?"

She pointed speechlessly to where it hung.

"Now go and quiet the dogs. Good-bye! I'll never forget you for your kindness, Jane."

He hurried her off, and heard her calling the dogs as he opened the front door; and, forcing himself to be cool, he closed it after him, walked down the gravel path, and unlocked the great iron gate, through which he passed, and after locking it he tried to drag out the key, but it seemed to stick, for, in his excitement, he did not hold it straight.

There was no time to lose; and, trusting that his aspect would not attract attention, and that he might get well on his way before the alarm was given, he walked sharply along the road.

He was drenched with perspiration, and his heart was beating painfully; but there was no one to see, for the red house lay away from the main road, and he had gone some hundred yards before he met a soul; and then it was only a couple of boys from the brickfield, who stared at him heavily, and passed on.

What should he do—go straight to the police, or keep to the by-roads and make for London, where they would know him at the hotel?

Would they?

He might have time to make himself known before he was dragged away. At all events, that was the preferable thing, for he dared not go to the police station, even if he had known how, lest they should give him up to Sheldrake.

There was nothing for it but to walk, and

Ha! he had it. His aspect was sure to take attention; he would hide till it was dark, and then continue his journey through the night.

But where to hide?

He looked in every direction, and decided upon taking a narrow lane off to his left, which seemed to lead towards fields and trees.

Perhaps he could reach some park or wood where he might hide for an hour or two.

There was but little choice, for in every other direction there were houses, and the village seemed to be very near where he was walking.

So he made for the lane, turned down it quickly, and stopped as if he had been stunned, for, not twenty yards away, coming hastily back from the station, were Mewburn and John Pannell.

They were talking eagerly, and for a moment or two did not see him as, recovering himself, Range turned and began walking hastily back.

An ejaculation behind him told him that his immunity from danger was only momentary, for John Pannell had caught sight of the perfectly smooth nape beneath the hat; and, saying a hasty word to Mewburn they increased their pace.

For a few moments Range forced himself to walk. Then, feeling that his only chance was to make a bold run for his liberty, he waited till he reached a gate, bounded over it, and took to the fields.

"Come on!" shouted Pannell; and the chase began.

For the first time for many years Arthur Range felt the sensation of being hunted. When quite a youth, he and Uncle Wash. had been pursued by Apache Indians; and the last part of the chase had been no tracking, but a run for life, in full sight of the enemy; but he had not suffered then the horror that he suffered now as he blindly ran.

For a few minutes the pursuit was in silence; then, seeing how swiftly Range got over the ground, and that it was impossible to keep the affair quiet, Pannell shouted to some people ahead, long idleness having made him out of condition, and he was losing ground.

For Range's retreat was a blind one. He could only run for the most open place ahead, and to his horror he found that he was being driven straight for a busy part.

He turned to the right, and there were figures. He turned to the left, and here were others, several of whom approached to cut him off.

He changed his direction again, and to his dismay he found that people were gathering from all parts—brick makers, boys, laborers; and there were even women at the gate of one field.

"Stop him! Mad!"

It was John Pannell's voice, and Range bit his lip till the blood came, as he tore on, seeing that the cry was understood, and caused quite an excitement—a dozen men at least coming running towards him.

There was only one hopeful sign, he could see the uniform of a policeman in the party. He might get help there.

For he did not quite comprehend the eagerness of the crowd, nor understand that he was in a region where the insane form a large item in the population, and that now and then some poor creature who has escaped has to be hunted down.

One moment Range determined to surrender and appeal to the people. The next he felt that he was free, and that one thought made him determine to hold out.

"I may distance them," he muttered, with a fierce rage burning in his breast against the insensate creatures who were gaining in the pursuit.

He was now in some park-like grounds, and fresh people, who looked like a couple of gardeners, had come from a gateway ahead.

"If I could reach that gate," thought Range, "I might distance them;" and, running towards a row of hurdles which divided the field from where some cows were grazing, he leaped the barrier easily, but his hat was not an exact fit, and it fell off, leaving his smooth bald head, that Mr. Gentles had shorn only a week before, exposed to view.

The increasing crew of pursuers uttered a shout; and, feeling that further attempts to destroy his identity were vain, Range threw off the overcoat, leaving himself free to run easily in his light flannels.

To his rage, the appearance of the strange white figure dashing across the field sent the cows nearly frantic.

They set up their tails, and began a clumsy gallop which increased in pace as the pursuers increased in number, cutting off the fugitive at every turn, till mad with rage and despair at the pleasure his fellow-creatures seemed to find in hounding him down, Range tore on, trying to escape now by making for the houses.

It was a vain hope. He had nearly reached a gate opening on to the main road, when a great hulking lad started forward, and threw out a leg, tripping the nearly exhausted fugitive and sending him headlong to the ground.

As he struggled up breathless and panting, his lip bleeding, and his eyes red with the hunted look glaring from them at first one and then another, he was the centre of a ring through which one of the constabulary elbowed his way, with one hand on the top of the staff at his side.

"Look out; he bites!" shouted someone, and there was a roar of laughter. "Look out p'liceman!"

"Help!" panted Range. "Constable—the station—not mad!"

"Poor old chap, then!" cried the constable speaking as if to some wild beast. "There, there!"

"Man!" shouted Range, "I tell you—sane as you are—protect me—from these people."

"Well, you don't look very right in the head," said the constable. "Eh! belongs to you, sir?"

"Yes—yes!" cried Sheldrake, coming up panting just at the same time as Pannell and Mewburn. Sheldrake's white neckcloth was torn off, and his face bruised; but though out of breath, he was coherent and ready to act his part.

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my poor fellow, how could you act like this?"

The crowd closed in. The real drama was interesting, and they gaped at the principal actors as Sheldrake turned to his confederates.

"He turned strange all at once as I was talking to him. Half killed me!"

The crowd shrank back a little.

"We met him making for the station," cried Mewburn: "and then, when he saw us, he turned and ran."

"Station-master wouldn't have give him a ticket," said a voice, and a loud laugh followed.

"Listen to me, constable!" cried Range, ignoring the crew around. "I claim to be taken under your protection. These men are American sharpers!"

"My dear Arthur, pray be calm," cried Sheldrake, imploringly.

"You would be sure of promotion if you exposed this conspiracy against a sane man. Take me to the station, and keep me there till I get help."

Sheldrake touched the constable's arm gently.

"Humor him," he whispered. "Get him home. A cart—a sovereign!"

"All right, sir," said the constable, in a very low voice. Then, turning to Range—

"All right, sir, I'll drive you there. Come along o' me, and I'll take care of you."

"No!" cried Range, drawing back. "You see I am not mad. You have been plotting with that scoundrel to take me back. Help, all of you. I tell you I am no more mad than you."

He spoke quietly now, though under the influence of pent-up emotion; but no one stirred.

"Come along, sir," said the constable. "I tell you it's all right."

Range was trying to keep himself under control, but the idea of being in the power of these men again after this nearly successful struggle for freedom was too much, and, making a bound, he overset two men, and made a dash for liberty.

Vain hope! There was a repetition of the hunt, but of very short duration, before he was overtaken, literally hemmed into a corner, to struggle fiercely for a few moments, and then, utterly exhausted, be carried to the nearest gate.

There he was thrust into a cart, and held down, the policeman talking to him on the way, till the gates of the red house were reached, and he was carried in, to the disappointment of the little crowd, who, however, were furnished with ample funds to refresh themselves at one of the village inns.

"You had better stay, policeman," said Sheldrake, "and see that my poor brother is taken back to his right room. Perhaps you will help us? Don't be hard upon him."

He did help, regardless of Range's prayers and expostulations, to come down after the prisoner was locked in his room, where he had again appealed to the same man, who nodded, made promises, and descended to Sheldrake.

"Well?" said the latter, with a sad smile, "you have got him back?"

"Yes, sir; but what am I to do about this? You see, the gentleman talked so sensible like, I feel I ought to do something."

"Of course, constable; but that's the sad part. He is sane one minute, but raving the next. Did he offer you a large sum to get him free?"

"Yes, sir."

"Said he was rich?"

"Yes, sir; and that you had kidnapped him,"

"Poor fellow!" sighed Sheldrake. "Did he tell you about his golden crown?"

"Well, no, sir; he did not mention that."

"Ah, it is sad. You'll take a glass of wine constable?"

"Thanks, sir."

"Of course you will have to report this?" said Sheldrake, filling a glass. "Don't be too hard upon us for our treatment. I think even you would lock him up."

"Fact, sir," said the constable, emptying his glass, and buttoning up his coat, after slipping a sovereign into his pocket. "I've got to report it all to my inspector; but it seems to me, sir, you've done the right thing in 'pealing to the police. You're as easy with him as you can be. Good evening, gentlemen. Hope he won't get loose again."

As soon as the door had closed behind the man, Mewburn, who was all excitement, caught Sheldrake by the arm.

"The papers!" he cried.

"Papers?"

"Yes! Look here. Jack bought one at the station, and then we looked at them all. It's in every one."

Sheldrake caught at the sheet offered to him, and read it through, to stand directly after thinking.

"Yes," he said, quickly; "this night's affair and these advertisements finish the business. Jack, tell your wife to put a few trifles in a bag. No luggage, mind. Nathan walk across to Dentford, and come back with a fly."

"But what——"

"But what, man? We're off to-night. We shall have the police on us in the morning, if not before!"

"But, my dear boy, the expense—the loss of all this furniture!"

"The loss of our wonderful prize and our liberty, you mean, big fool! Off! Quick!"

Mewburn went off without one single word.

"Now, Jack, collect any little valuables you want; never mind the trash! We'll make brother Arthur pay the rest. Curse him! he half killed me."

"What are you going to do?" growled Pannell, slowly.

"Collect papers, and get dear Arthur's physic ready. I shall want you to help me give him his dose."

* * * * *

An hour later, just as it was growing dusk, the fly drove up with Mewburn inside, and the gates rustled the evergreens as they were thrown open, with laurel and holly twigs thrust between the large bars.

The fly was driven in, the wheels making that peculiar grating, grinding sound on the gravel, and the horse seeming to drive his iron-shod hoofs down into the soft carriage way, as if it found it pleasant after the hard road.

Then there was the stoppage by the entrance; the driver got down, dragged the horse's nose-bag from beneath his seat, and strapped it on, the sapient animal making no objection to thrusting its muzzle far down into the dark oat-and-chaff trap within which it was to find sustenance, while its driver was taken round to the kitchen to find, in bread and cheese and beer, the sop that would keep him good tempered during the work in hand.

He was a dull, quiet man, without much to say, and a curious, ruminating look, as he sat over his crusts and ground and ground, and stared at Jane, whose forehead wrinkled up as she stared back at him and wondered what was to take place next.

The silence grew very irksome at last, and Jane broke it by asking the ruminating, staring man if he would have some more ale.

He said he would—naturally; and he said he would again—naturally—when he was asked.

This was the case the third time, and Jane was wondering how many glasses of ale a fly-driver could drink—a problem that has never yet been solved—when the man was summoned back to his horse.

He went back unwillingly, and found his horse just as ready to be discontented at having his nose-bag taken off, an insult which he resented with a kind of snort. But time was on the wing, and the man found that they were nearer the start than he anticipated.

For on thrusting the nose-bag under the seat, he found that the fly-door was closed, and that during his absence the patient, who was supposed to be going to see a great doctor up in London, was already in his place.

"I think that's about all," said Sheldrake looking out of the window, where beyond him the driver just caught a glimpse of the sick patient lying back in a corner. "Keep the house carefully locked up, Jane, till we return."

"Yes, sir."

"And mind and close and lock the gates, Jane," said Sheldrake again. "Be careful, there's a good girl. That will do; go on, driver."

It seemed a curious business to Jane, that carrying off the patient; but her brain required time for anything fresh to soak into it and be taken up so as to form thought. Consequently she only stared at the dim figure of Range in the corner, and Sarah Pannell beside him, with Sheldrake and Mewburn in front, and John Pannell, tall and bulky, beside the fly-door.

Then the horse gave his head a toss, the wheels revolved, and the gravel emitted its soft grinding noise, till the gates were passed, and then stopped outside for John Pannell, who stayed to help secure the great gates.

"Ta-ta, Jane, my girl," he said, good-humoredly; "take care of my garden and the dogs."

"Yes, sir," said Jane, and then to herself with the quickness this time of dislike and injury, "and if I don't give 'em something they don't like, my name is not what it is."

She stood staring through the bars at Pannell, who climbed up on the seat beside the driver.

Then the fly was set in motion once more and Arthur Range, again insensible to all that was taking place, was borne steadily away towards that great hiding-place the Metropolis, to become for those who sought him like the proverbial needle in a bottle of hay.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

TOO LATE.

"HERE, you come along o' me, mates," said Isaac, and the two bull dogs gave their peg-like stumps of tails a bit of a twitch right and left, and then began to sniff at the man's trousers, and going so far as to begin licking the bottom of a leg where there had been a splash of something connected with his trade.

"Yes, do take 'em away, Isaac; they howl and bark dreadful, and I'm afraid of them tearing me to pieces."

"I'd tear them to pieces if they did—wouldn't I, mates?"

The dogs looked up at him amiably, for there was something so meaty in the odor he inhaled that they were quite ready to make friends.

Here Jane uttered a sigh, and sobbed as she raised her apron to her eyes.

"Oh! I say, come now, Jane, don't do that. I ain't a bit jealous, for he is a loony, you know."

"That I'm sure he is not."

"Yes he is, old girl. Come, now, don't be hard on a fellow wot's always been true to you."

"I never ask you to."

"No, but I have been all the same; and I've only got to set up in business on my own account, and there's a connection for me directly. Come, now, what do you say?"

"No!" cried Jane, angrily. "I won't—I won't. And, oh, I say, go away, do; here they are."

"I shan't go till you say yes."

"Then Mr. John will come and find you with the dogs."

"I don't care for Mr. John, big as he is. I was only going to feed the poor dumb beggars."

"Oh! but d'go."

"I shan't."

"You will ge me into no end of a big row.

"Then you say yes, and I will stop and stick up for you. I say Jane, you know!"

The sound of wheels that the pair had heard was followed by the loud clang of the gate bell, and the two dogs set up a deep baying noise.

"They'll half kill me; that Mr. Frank ain't a bit like a parson sometimes, and he quite scares me."

"He'd better mind what he's up to," growled Isaac. "He wouldn't scare me a bit."

"Will you go? I must answer the bell."

"All right, then," said Isaac. "I'm off, now."

It was in the side yard of the old house, just by the kitchen entry, that this conversation took place, and the butcher slipped out of the door in the wall, leaving it ajar, while Jane hurried away to the gravel walk to open the great iron gates.

"Why, it ain't them," she muttered, as she reached the end of the path.

"We want to see your master directly," said Farleigh, sharply. "Open the gate."

Jane obeyed, and the three gentlemen pressed forward.

"Now, girl, don't stop," said Uncle Wash. "Lead on. Guess, Sir Robert, you'd best do a bit of sentry and scout."

"Master ain't at home, sir," Jane said.

"But we must see him at once," cried Farleigh. "Where is Doctor Parkins?"

"He's out too, sir."

"Mr. John Range?"

"Yes, sir, he's out too, and missus; and they've took Mr. Arthur, too."

"Taken him?" cried Uncle Wash.

"Yes, sir; they had the fly night afore last, and Mr. Arthur was that bad after trying to get away again that Mr. John took and carried him down to the carriage."

"Where have they gone?"

"She don't know sir," said a fresh voice; and Isaac came up.

"Who are you?" cried Sir Robert, angrily.

"I'm her young man, sir."

"Don't you believe a word he says, sir," cried Jane, angrily; "he ain't."

"Yes, I am, sir; I'm the butcher lad here. Do you know Mr. Arthur—him as tried to get away again the other night, and they caught him in Palmer's medder?"

"I never heard anything of this," said Farleigh.

"Fact, sir, all the same," said Isaac.

"Know him, of course? We have come to take him away. Do you know where they've gone?"

"No, sir; only I think they've booked it. Them dogs has been howling awful for something to eat, and Jane here had to sign to me as I went by in our cart, and I left her Jingle's mutton chops, for she'd got nothing to eat herself."

"Too late!" said Uncle Wash., very bitterly.

"Yes," said Farleigh; "they must have seen the advertisement."

"That's so," said Uncle Wash. "Well, we've learnt something. They've been keeping him, pretending he's mad."

"There, what did I tell you, Jane?" struck in Isaac. "I always said he was all right."

"Had you seen him, then?" said Uncle Wash.

"Had I seen him?" cried Isaac, in scornful one. "Often. He used to make signs to me outer winder. It was me as made her send him up the file, when he cut through the winder bar and got out the night he broke his arm."

Uncle Wash. and Sir Robert turned to Farleigh.

"Yes, that's quite correct," said the curate. "I saw him afterwards, and felt that he was not insane; but they somehow made it appear that he was."

"Well, now to trace the fly," said Uncle Wash. "They will not come back here. We can follow them now. It would most likely be the station fly."

"No, it warn't," said Isaac, sharply; "it were a fly drove by a chap I used to know; but I didn't think anything more about it then."

"Never mind; we've got some threads to work by."

"And you'll easy know him, sir, for his head looks just like a baby's, and smooth round as a billiard ball."

"Here, let's see inside the house," cried Uncle Wash.; "we may find something to trace him by there."

Jane hesitated for a few moments, and then led the way in, lit a lamp and a candle, and on going through the house it was evident, from the state of the bedrooms, that there had been a hasty packing up for flight—only a few necessaries having been taken, the rest left behind.

Lastly, they stood in the room that had been Range's prison but there was nothing to see but the traces of a severe struggle. Chairs overturned, the table broken, and carpet torn up and lying in a heap.

Uncle Wash. knitted his brow as he examined the doors and windows attentively.

"No," he said, "poor lad, he couldn't get out. They took care of that."

There was nothing more to be done in the house. The plan was to trace the fly; and its occupants had had forty-eight hours' start.

"Please what had I better do, gentlemen?" said Jane, looking from one to the other in a helpless way.

Each looked at her in turn and shook his head.

But there was an exception.

Isaac, after promising to follow the fly to the station and give all the information he could about the driver he had seen on the night of the flight, slipped back to Jane.

"I'll tell you what to do," he whispered, grinning.

"Well, what?" said Jane, anxiously.

"Say you'll have me, and then everything will come right."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Changed Opinion.

BY JOHN GRAY.

I SUPPOSE it is a rude thing to say, Dick, but I wish your fair cousin was not coming to-day."

Dick Gordon smiled a little.

"You'll take that back within a week," he said, quietly.

"Shall I?" ironically. "Then Miss Ethel Darrell will prove to be a most unusual specimen of her sex."

"She's hardly what one might term a usual young lady," laughed Dick. "But you will see her at dinner."

Rex, with a bored expression, flung his half-consumed cigar among the ferns.

"I never enjoyed a month as I did the last," he said, discontentedly, "and now here comes a fair society belle to spoil things generally. I've the strongest mind to pack up my traps and take the evening train. You could make my excuses to your mother."

"I could tell her you were afraid of Ethel," laughed his friend; "but you're not going to make quite such a fool of yourself, my boy. I'll guarantee she will be willing to dispense with your reluctant gallantries. Jove!" looking at his watch, and rising with more haste than dignity, "it's later than I thought. We'll hardly have time to make ourselves presentable for dinner."

Rex followed his example, and together they were presently sauntering through the sunset towards Dick Gordon's home.

There was a silvery twilight over the earth as they went across the shaven lawn—two tall, sunbrowned, handsome youths, without a single spoil after their day's fishing. They were laughing easily, when something drew Reginald Ormsby's eyes to the balcony directly above his head, where clothed in white, with great red roses in her belt and bosom, stood the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, in the very dawn of her glorious womanhood; with lips as crimson as her roses, haughtily, delicately curved, dewy as those of a child's; a broad brow, over which fell a few half-curled locks of dead-black hair, rendering its creamy whiteness the more marked.

Somebody has said, "A moment is long enough for love to be born!" and to some that strangely-sweet and strangely-sad dream comes as sudden as the flash of lightning and as fraught with death.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Gordon introduced him to her beautiful niece. If he was unusually silent during dinner, Dick set it down to the fact that his friend was so averse to the society of fashionable ladies. And Miss Darrell seemed calmly unconscious of his presence.

After dinner they went out to the wide balcony, where the summer moonlight lay fair as a thought of the angels.

Dick placed his cousin in a pretty willow-chair, and flung himself down on a rug which was before it. Mrs. Gordon had taken a seat which Rex had drawn near Ethel for her. For himself, he stood leaning against a stanchion, his arms folded, his lips silent, his eyes on the landscape. Dick laughed as he watched him.

"Rex," he said, lazily, a twinkle in his eyes, "will you sing for us? You were so eager to meet Ethel, and pledged yourself so willingly to help to entertain her; and he sings with the correct amount of feeling, I assure you," to Ethel, "he does."

"Oh, please do, Mr. Ormsby!" seconded Mrs. Gordon, "Ethel, my dear," to her niece, "I can promise you a treat."

Rex felt quite uncomfortable under the lifted velvet orbs. She was very fair in the moonlight, and the smile on her lips made her face very sweet and womanly.

"Pray sing us something!" she said, softly.

And he obeyed her. In the moonlight, in the hush of the summer evening, he sang one of the saddest, things he knew—choosing it, he knew not why—"When the Flowing Tide Comes In."

What had induced him to sing that particular thing? Rex wondered, half-impatient of himself, as he fancied that the long, dark lashes of Miss Darrell were wet as he concluded.

"That will do dear boy," Dick said, by way of thanking him, "that will do. When we want to feel as though some of our friends might come in with the first 'flowing tide,' we'll call on you again."

"It was so beautiful, but so very sad!" said Mrs. Gordon.

Miss Darrell gave his song the sincerest of all praise—silence.

Rex didn't pack up his things and go, nor had he the least desire to do so after that first sight of Ethel's face; and yet, three weeks after her coming, he was a very restless and miserable being, very much to Dick's silent amusement.

"I say,"—the latter said to him suddenly, at last, when they were walking in the lawn—"what makes you such a muff lately? Ever since Ethel came, you've not been fit company for anyone. I'm awfully surprised that you dislike her still."

"I don't dislike her," curtly.

"Then, by Jove! I shouldn't be greatly surprised to hear that you have fallen in love with her!"

"Dick, you are insufferable! But that's just what I have been fool enough to do."

"That's a compliment to Ethel! Oh, if I dared to laugh! Ethel's pretty badly hit herself, too, or I'm blind as a—a mole. But don't you think you ought to go straight to Ethel and tell her? If she don't want you, she can tell you so, you see; and if she does—why let me give the bride away. I left her in the library, and you'll find her there alone. I'm going to walk for half-an-hour."

Rex followed the advice, and, when he had found her and told his story, she looked up at him with a strange softness in her eyes.

"I fell in love with you while you were singing, 'When the Flowing Tide Comes In,' Rex," she said, placing her hand in his.

"Was I a false prophet?" Dick asked, cheerfully, from outside a window, which was open very near where they were. "Pray don't mind me; I'll never tell. But Ethel, Rex was going to pack up and go when he heard you were coming."

"He has changed his opinion of me since," said Miss Darrell, with her charming smile.

A GOOSE IN LOVE.—An old gentleman living in the suburbs had a most singular admirer. One day he called upon a neighbor to look at some fowls lately received. To the pleasurable surprise of the visitor, a large white goose at once left the feeding place and came up to him, manifesting evident signs of satisfaction. The unromantic bird was duly stroked, and the worthy gentleman started on his homeward way. Soon afterward he heard the dulcet tones of the descendant of the historic cacklers and saviors of Rome, and there was Miss Goosey-Po sey following him like a dog. Touched by the creature's affection, he stroked again and on reaching home gave her some biscuit and sent her back to her owner. The next morning the faithful bird was found watching at the door by which her friend had entered his house. As soon as she saw him she was demonstrative in her delight.

At first the old gentleman did not attach much importance to this behavior, supposing it was a freak of the fowl. His astonishment, however, was great when he set out for the neighboring village to find Miss Goose close behind him. Ever and anon she would rub her head against him, as if begging a caress, which, of course, the kindly soul could not refuse. He supposed she would go back to her flock as soon as the village was reached, but this was no part of her intention. She followed him closely, unterrified by dogs or small boys, quietly waiting outside the stores that he entered until he reappeared, and then as gracefully as she knew how, pirouetted about him for very joy. She followed him home, and when she saw the door of the house closed, returned to her owner's place.

Thereafter the affectionate goose took up her station every morning before the door of her idol, and as soon as he appeared she followed him wherever he went. If he remained indoors she waited his coming till the evening shadows fell, then she went back to her pen. This strange devotion continued for several years. It was not entirely welcome, because it caused invidious remarks. Whenever the victim of this anseric affection stopped to speak to an acquaintance, the jealous bird would fly at the person with wings out-stretched and sibilant expressions of wrath. The annoyance of the creature's demonstrations at last became unendurable, and the kind old gentleman breathed a sigh of mingled pain and relief when the poor bird finally met with an untimely end. Small wonder, in the light of true stories like this, that there are in this country believers in metempsychosis as well in the Orient.

AN UNFEELING PROPOSITION. Circumstances alter cases and create arithmetical paradoxes. As a rule, one and one make two; but when the nuptial knot is tied, the case is altered. He and she are two no longer; the twain become one flesh. He endows her with all his wordly goods; she gives him her sweet self.

"Once upon a time"—no matter when, and never mind where—the very familiar but ever-interesting marriage ceremony had been satisfactorily gone through. The bridegroom was happy and hilarious, the bride in a state of fluttered felicity. The clergymon beamed benignly on both. Matrimony was a matter o' money to him. He had addressed them in feeling terms, and now waited for his fee.

"Well," said the newly-married man, jocosely, "how much do I owe you?"

"Oh, I'll leave that to you," was the discreet reply. "You can better estimate the value of the service rendered."

"Suppose, then," slyly suggested the bridegroom, "we postpone the settlement for, say, a year. By that time I shall know whether I ought to give you one hundred dollars or nothing."

This proposition almost took the clergyman's breath away. He had a wife of his own—what sort of one there is no knowing; perhaps she who should have been his better half was his worse half. At any rate the good man was alarmed, as his answer showed—

"No, no; made it three dollars now!"

"That's a rather unique-looking paper-weight you have there," said Alpha, indicating a curiously shaped article lying on the table of his friend Omega. "Yes," said the latter, picking up the object and eyeing it critically. "You know they have begun to teach cooking in the public schools, and this is a doughnut baked by my sister Cleo after taking only six lessons in the domestic art. As a paper-weight, I regard it as an overwhelming success."

Thackeray writes, "A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under Heaven." Balzac says, "Even the errors of woman spring from her faith in the good."

Scientific and Useful.

BRASS CLEANER.—Mixture to clean brass-ware, brass coach-trimmings, &c.: One ounce of oxalic acid, six ounces of rotten-stone, all in powder, one ounce of sweet oil, and sufficient water to make a paste. Apply a small portion, and rub dry with a flannel or leather. The liquid dip most generally used consists of nitric and sulphuric acids; but this is more corrosive.

KEEPING COOL.—To keep a house as cool as possible in summer-time, all doors and windows should be closed from ten a. m. to five p. m., and the blinds as well as the windows closed on the sunny side. The more open the doors and windows are the better during the early morning, the evening, and night. Of course, in very small houses, where the inmates are crowded, the hot air from outside must be endured for the sake of oxygen.

CHEAP WATER-PROOFING.—When paraffine is thoroughly mixed with linseed oil, cast into small blocks and allowed to cool, it may be used to make any fabric, as cloth, felt and leather, water-proof by rubbing it with such a block and ironing afterward to equalize the distribution of material in the pores. If too much is not put on the material may be made to be only impervious to water, but not to air, as the very small grease pores repel water, but not the air.

POST BOXES.—Berlin post boxes are painted blue and gold and measure about two feet each way. They are not fastened to lamp-posts, but to buildings. The letter apertures are guarded by movable spikes setting inward. On the face the hours of clearing are given, and a dial moved by a key shows the next despatch. The district station to which the box is attacked is also shown, so that the stranger learns at once the nearest office where postal business is transacted.

CLEAR CEMENT.—A French authority gives the following receipt for a transparent cement which possesses great tenacity and has not the slightest yellow tinge. Mix in a well-stoppered bottle 10 drams of chloroform with 10½ drams of non-vulcanized caoutchouc cut in small pieces. Solution is readily affected, and when it is completed add 2½ drams of mastic. Let the whole macerate from eight to ten days without the application of any heat, and shake the contents of the bottle at intervals. A perfectly white and very adhesive cement is the result.

PAPER SLIPPERS.—An Englishman has patented a process of manufacturing slippers, sandals and even common shoes out of paper. Paper pulp, or papier mache, is employed for the upper, which is moulded to the desired form and size, and a sole is provided made of paper or pasteboard, leather board or other suitable paper material, which is united to the upper by means of cement, glue or other adhesive material. The upper is creased, embossed or perforated at the instep and sides, which renders them somewhat pliable and prevents their cracking while in use.

Farm and Garden.

PLANTS.—All plants are benefited by the hoe or cultivator, especially in a dry season. The frequent stirring of the soil keeps the surface in condition to get the full benefit of the air, dews and rain.

PLANTAIN.—Cows and sheep will both eat plantain when it is young and tender. A number of readers have claimed to have subdued plantain by pasturing the infested fields with sheep. The explanation is that the sheep keep the growth so closely browsed it cannot go to seed. Sheep are among nature's best weed exterminators.

THE SOIL.—Every crack and crevice in the ground is an exhaust pipe or flue to carry off moisture from the soil and convey away its gases. For that reason in the growing season such apertures should not be permitted. The way to prevent them is to roll the ground frequently or to work it shallow with short-toothed implements, as harrows, cultivators or shovel-plows. But don't go deep.

CATERPILLARS.—A Massachusetts horticulturist recommends the following method for destroying tent caterpillars: Make a strong solution of soft-soap and water, and with a sponge attached to a pole pass the sponge through the tent, saturating it thoroughly. The work should be done morning, noon and night, and the pests will be destroyed easily, while no injury will be done the trees.

VINES.—The common practice of fastening climbing plants to the house, porch or piazza with a bit of tape oil-cloth or the like, and nails, is now superseded by lengths of galvanized wire, says a correspondent which can be stretched across the house and attached to it with small rivets or cast-iron "eyes," which should be driven in with a wooden mallet rather than a hammer. Place the wires about a foot apart, and tie the vines to them, or interlace them through the wires.

THE DAIRY.—The positive necessity for the kindly treatment of dairy cows is affirmed on every hand. With nothing said about the additional ease with which cows are handled kindly treated, the pecuniary gain is incentive enough to most persons to insure kind treatment from the owner. The chief cause of complaint lies in the treatment by hired help. The employed help, male and female, that handles stock with judgment and care, all other things being equal, is worth several dollars more per month than one who does not.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 11, 1885.

Purity, Progress, Pleasure and Permanence are conspicuously ineffaceable features written by the finger of Time on the venerable record of this paper. To the thousands who have drawn many of their noblest thoughts and much of their sweetest enjoyment from its familiar columns, in the two generations covering its history, renewed assurances of devotion to their gratification and improvement are superfluous. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exists solely to serve the best interests and promote the truest pleasures of its patrons and readers. It hopes to constantly deserve the unswerving approval of its great army of old and new friends. It aspires to no higher ambition. To accomplish this, nothing shall impede the way. The best productions of the noblest thinkers and the finest writers will fill its columns, and the unwearied energies of the most careful editors shall be continuously devoted to its preparation. Nothing impure or debasing will be permitted to defile its pages nor make them an unworthy visitor to any home. The most Graphic Narrations, Instructive Sketches, Fascinating Stories, Important Biographical Essays, Striking Events, Best Historical Descriptions, Latest Scientific Discoveries, and other attractive features adapted to every portion of the family circle, will appear from week to week, while the Domestic, Social, Fashion and Correspondence Departments will be maintained at the highest possible standard of excellence. Its sole aim is to furnish its subscribers with an economical and never-failing supply of happiness and instruction, which shall be as necessary to their existence as the air they breathe. While myriads of silken threads in the web of memory stretch far back in the history of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, it will never rest on past laurels, but keep fully abreast of all genuine progress in the spirit of the age in which the present generation lives. It earnestly seeks and highly appreciates the favor and friendship of the pure and good everywhere, but desires no affiliation with, nor characteristic approval from, their opposites.

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Summertide Happiness.

Although spring was "backward" this year, the ides of July promise a full supply of melting days and oppressive nights, while nature is fully up to the average "time" with her beautiful mantle of verdure sufficient to charm the dullest senses. Now the round of summer recreations and pleasure trips begin to set in vigorously, while the momentous question of where to go and what to do is still unsettled with many, and presses for solution. For genuine, sensible happiness, no part of the year can compare with the warm months, when everybody may come into actual contact with nature in her loveliest garb. Now the irksome restraints of full-dress society requirements may be largely dispensed with, or easily evaded, and the blooming belle of last winter's ball season can freshen the roses on her cheeks, by a healthful ramble in woods and meadow, or delightful game on the lawn, or bath in the surf, without restraint. The church pic-nic and daily excursion pervade the land in almost every direction, while the youthful agricultural ruralist has been universally stowing up small change and large anticipations for the 4th of July in a way certain to produce an epoch of joy in his monotonous existence, and make lasting impression on the foundations of his future character. The relaxing warmth of summer seems to permeate life itself with a corresponding effect, and thaws much of the icy frigidity that enchains the feelings when nature is rigid with cold and frost, and her surroundings all tend to repel the softer sentiments and more generous moods. Those whose occupations and circumstances allow, can readily find gratification and enjoyment for the summer season in numberless ways, but there are thousands whom the upper and nether millstone of adverse events, or hard lot, has ground to the verge of unbearable misery, whose condition should excite the liveliest sympathy of all who love the common race, and have the slightest desire to alleviate its sorrows. Ought not the summer warmth to melt away the last vestige of cold selfishness that fills so many gay hearts, and induce them to share something of their plenty with the destitute and deserving who are "always with us," and thus multiply their own real happiness many fold? Noble charities, conducted by noble men and women, abound on every hand, for accomplishing such purposes, unhampered by dogmatic or sectarian influences, and stimulated only by the love of God and the milk of human kindness. Will our gay readers kindly permit us to offer these thoughts as a prescription for multiplying indefinitely their own summertide happiness?

Unhappy People.

We all know men and women who are always unhappy. They are never satisfied with their surroundings; even the weather is a constant source of disquietude. They cast a chill into the very atmosphere around them, like the chill at noonday when the sun is in an eclipse; their conversation is tinged with melancholy and moroseness, and if it has not the effect to make others as wretched as themselves, it at least prevents them from being happy while in their presence. Such men are icebergs floating about in society: cold, isolated, a terror wherever they come, repulsive and repulsed. They may be seen at the corners of the streets, waylaying their acquaintances as they pass by on business or pleasure, to remind them of the vanity and vexations of the world, the uncertainty of riches, the precariousness of life, and of all those various subjects for sober reflection well calculated to occupy the thoughts on proper occasions, but which serve only to offend and disgust when thus obtruded upon the attention. But these men never take into consideration the times and occasions when they shall pour forth their lugubrations, but, like sinister crows, are always boding some evil. With some these fits of unhappiness are periodical; one will be affected with melancholy in the spring, and another in autumn; one is a prey to the "blues" in one kind of weather, and another in a different kind. Such is the connection between body and mind that the causes of this species of unhappiness may be traced either to some disorder of the former, which acts upon the latter, as a dyspepsia in the stomach is generally followed by a similar affection of the head, or to some peculiar sensibility of the one, by which external objects easily excite or depress the other. Such men are, indeed, to be commiserated, for who can doubt that their unhappiness is a partial hypochondria, over which they have no control—a disease of the mind, more acute while it lasts than the severest bodily pains? Others, again, are made unhappy by outward circumstances—by misfortunes in business, disappointment of their plans, or the bereavement of their friends. This species of unhappiness, when temporary and under proper restraint, is what all who consider the infirmity of human nature, will respect and approve; but when carried to an immoderate excess, when it is suffered to embitter the whole after-life of him who experiences it, it becomes both improper and injurious. It is improper because there is no reason why we should forever mourn the loss of friends or property; the voice of reason and nature forbid it; it is injurious because we cannot by our grief repair our losses, but rather diminish the chances of doing so. There is no spectacle more painful than the man who is the victim of unhappiness from every slight misfortune he meets with in his business. He literally makes troubles for himself—he plants thorns and thistles along his pathway through life, and frets out body and soul by rubbing against them.

SOME persons, who freely admit the importance of all pursuits that minister to their ideas of utility, express only contempt for those which supply the needs of the imagination, the cultivation of the sentiments, the production of beauty, or the means of amusement. They really seem to think that they are proving their intellectual depth or moral superiority by boasting of their utter indifference to things that interest, cheer, and inspire multitudes. One of the Lord Chancellors of England declared in open court that he would not go across the street to hear Madame Catalani sing. Doubtless he spoke the truth—and yet it was a truth which good sense should have taught him rather to conceal as a personal deficiency than to boast of. If he had been deaf, he might have asked for sympathy, but would hardly have exulted in his misfortune, and his inability to appreciate tones that filled thousands of people with wonder and rapture could certainly entitle him to no other sentiment than that of pity. So the unwarranted manner in which persons throw contempt upon poetry, art, fiction, and the drama, simply because they lack the sentiments to which they respond, is merely a proof of their own deficiency. Let them modestly keep silence upon matters upon which they can only speak to expose their ignorance.

PEOPLE cannot help having been born without tact any more than they can help having no ear for music; but there are occasions when it is almost impossible to be quite charitable to a person quite destitute of tact. Yet people who have no tact deserve pity. They are almost always doing or saying something to get themselves into trouble, or which does them an injury. They make enemies where they desire friends, and get a reputation for ill-nature which they do not deserve. They are also continually doing other people harm, treading on metaphorical corns, opening the cupboards where family skeletons are kept, angering people, shaming people, saying and doing the most awkward things, and apologizing for them with a still more terrible bluntness. If there is one social boon more to be desired than another, it is tact, for, without tact, the career of the richest or most beautiful is often utterly marred.

GENEROSITY is a privilege that a man has no right to indulge in as long as he refuses to perform a single well-defined act of justice. Indeed, we may safely assert not only that all men and women should be just before they are generous, but that they cannot be really generous before they are just. Should we call that man generous who took the bread that one poor man had earned for his children and gave it to another family because they were hungry? Yet what else does he do who withholds a just debt or takes advantage of a man's poverty or ignorance to obtain from him labor or goods at less than a fair price, and then bestows such ill-gotten gains upon any so called benevolent object, public or private?

IF instructors would minister to the self-respect of those they instruct by showing that they respect them; if they would glance more lightly over their faults and emphasize their excellences; if they would take pains to honor the faculties they put forth, and to draw forth yet latent powers, thus producing a sense of strength and hope, instead of despair and recklessness, they would often be surprised to find the faults on which they had dwelt so urgently and vainly, dropping insensibly away under the wholesome influence of an increasing force of character. The evil has been overcome with good.

THE laborer who wears out all his powers in the machinery of life's work and takes no part in its thought and imagination, and the thinker who wears out his brain before its time, and has no part in the practical activity of life, have each lost much of the pleasure that rightly belongs to them. They may not be conscious of it, but it is none the less true that the health, happiness, and real effectiveness of every man can be gained only by the harmonious union of labor and thought.

THE leading quality to be cultivated, if you would have an agreeable manner in conversation, is repose. If you are restless and vehement, you will be considered ill-mannered. So you must not fidget in your chair, nor gesticulate like a stump-orator. These things are "bad form," and make people wish you had absented yourself. You must avoid interrupting other talkers also, and say very little about yourself.

The World's Happenings.

Pensacola, Florida, policemen sport umbrellas while on duty.

Bears are unusually plenty in the upper portion of New Hampshire.

The bicycle is to be introduced into the Bavarian army as an experiment.

An eight-year-old boy is under indictment in Montgomery, Ala., for killing an infant.

A tramp recently wrote from Montgomery, Ala., to Atlanta, Ga., on the brake under a sleeping-car.

A twenty-year-old lad is among those seeking a divorce in Toccoa, Ga. He has been married two years.

Since the lands of Vermont were thoroughly drained, consumption in that State has fallen off nearly one-half.

From a dozen to fifteen eggs are eaten for breakfast daily by each member of a certain family in San Diego, Cal.

Pittsburg, one of her papers says, turns out 85,000,000 bottles and vials every year, besides 42,400,000 lamp-chimneys.

A. E. Noel, of Lower Lake, Cal., has twelve trained snakes. They come up and eat fish when he draws his nets.

The membership of the Grand Army of the Republic, it is said, now numbers 300,000 veterans, and is still increasing.

A colored farmer in Laurens county, S. C., recently lost his mule, and has since, it is said, been using his two boys to pull the plough.

In the United States some 150,000 miles of railroad track are now laid, and this rests on 306,000,000 ties, the product of 3,900,000 acres.

A horse thief arrested in Texas the other day has enough indictments against him to imprison him for two hundred years, if such a thing were possible.

Lightning has killed 4,609 persons in France since 1835. An equal number have been seriously, though not fatally, wounded, and five times as many struck.

Rattlesnake oil brings $4 an ounce at Portland, Conn., and the rattles of the snakes are much in demand as charms against headache, when worn in the hat.

A pardon for an illicit distiller named Meredith reached Louisville jail just one month after the prisoner had served out his sentence and been discharged.

A young lady of Portland, Ore., while breaking eggs for making cake, a few days ago, found a lizard nearly two inches inches in length and alive in one of the eggs.

A child playing with matches has caused the destruction of two hundred and thirty-two houses in the Hungarian village of Nomedi, and bankrupted the whole population.

A Peabody, Mass., man lost his jackknife forty years ago, and found it last week under his stone steps, that were raised to make repairs. The knife was badly rusted.

A Boston saloon keeper sprinkles liquor on the sidewalk in front of his dram shop for the purpose of tempting the appetite, through the sense of smell, of some poor victim.

A farm laborer in Middletown, Del., put a turtle which he had found into the farmer's swill-barrel, and, on settling, his employer charged him fifty cents for four days board for the aforesaid turtle.

The Iowa Supreme Court has decided that a hotel-keeper who receives guests knowing that there is a contagious disease in his house, is liable in damages to any guest who may contract the disease.

A stuffed rattlesnake, seven feet long, with eighteen rattles, is suspended in front of a Marianna, Florida, liquor saloon, which leads a Georgia paper to say that it is a rather "suggestive sign," to say the least.

William E. Mash, of Brooklyn, has secured the consent of the county court to change his name to Vincent Edward Judson. He claimed that the slang phrase, "to mash" caused him great annoyance and trouble.

Mexican boys, residents of Yuma, Cal., are making many dimes just now by selling, in tin cans, smoke from the burning of a weed called "stedlonia," which they claim will drive away mosquitoes. The lads go from house to house selling the smoke.

A child with twenty-nine fingers, toes and thumbs was born recently near Arlington, Ind. Each of the infant's feet has seven toes, which are webbed. On the left hand there are six fingers and two thumbs, and on the right hand five fingers and two thumbs.

The village of Shoenbeck is known throughout the whole of Germany as the chess-playing village. For centuries every native of the village, from the prosperous freeholder down to the poor village shepherd, has been an enthusiastic and a more or less efficient chess player.

A poor-box thief was discovered in a Brookly church, recently, operating with a piece of whalebone coated with a sticky substance, inserted into the box through the opening in the top and withdrawn with whatever coins would adhere. He had got out $1.76 in this way. He said a dozen men were "working the same racket."

Some unscrupulous people in San Francisco are selling the water of Owens Lake, in California, at a dollar a pint, under the name of "Water of Life." The water of Owens Lake is a strong lye, and a goblet of it would almost kill a man. But ignorant people buy it, and drink small quantities of it under the impression that they are taking a wonderful curative.

Scarification is the treatment adopted by English surgeons for the purpose of reducing the size of the nose. The process consists in rapidly pricking the nose with a number of minute double-edged blades fastened in a handle, about 3,000 punctures being made at each sitting. The nose is kept well anointed, and, after some months have elapsed the patient thinks it is smaller.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY RITA.

On all round the wings of Peace were brooding,
The twilight gathered o'er me still and gray,
No anxious thought upon that hour intruding
Such as o'ercrowded the day.

All earth lay still, as in a trance of pleasure;
Deep was the silence and the sense of rest;
And old sweet dreams, like some forgotten measure,
Awaked within my breast.

Once more I dwelt in well-remembered places,
And a mysterious light from days of yore
Showed me the fireside and the dear home-faces
That I shall see no more.

And, as the reader of some charming history
Looks longing, to the end, my spirit yearned
To know the depth and meaning of Life's mystery,
By mortals yet unlearned.

The full moon rose above the mountains hoary;
The wooded valleys and broad pastures white
Were filled to overflowing with her glory,
Her floods of silver light.

There many a nook that had been lost in shadow,
And winding streams that had in darkness lain,
And pleasant paths by riverside and meadow,
Showed in the moonlight plain.

E'en so our wand'ring spirits shall discover
The use and beauty of this life below,
When Heav'n's great light, arising, shineth over
The scenes we used to know.

The Bachelors' Ball.

BY ALLAN MORPETH.

HULLO, Dick, is that you? By Jove! Well, I never!"

The utterer of these interjectionary sentences was a young man of eight-and-twenty, lounging in a very easy chair, in a very comfortable suite of bachelor's apartments, of which he was the owner.

The cause of the interjectionary sentences was the abrupt entrance, after the prefatory knock, of a well-made, tall, square-shouldered, handsome young fellow of about the speaker's own age.

"It is I, Ned. In the flesh, and not in spirit. You told me to come when I could; and, old fellow, I seized the first opportunity, though it gave me no time to write. True, I might have wired, but, 'pon my word, I forgot all about that. I trust, however, I'm not putting you out?"

"Putting me out! Not a bit of it! I'm heartily—I'm confoundedly glad to see you, dear boy!" exclaimed Ned Westcott, with a grip of his friend's hand that confirmed his words. "Sit down. I'm just taking a hurried snack, for I'm awfully busy at this moment!"

"Busy! You, Ned?" exclaimed Dick Dunn, pausing to give vent to a hearty laugh. "Then I've arrived in time to witness a rarity. I thought that was among the impossibles, save where pleasure was concerned!"

"And pleasure it is, my dear boy. By the way, that's capital hock!" responded Westcott. "You know my club?"

"Yes; the 'Bachelors.' Excellent hock, Ned, very!"

"Well, I need not say we get more invitations than any other fellows in the town; so we are going to make a return by giving a bachelors' ball."

"A first-rate idea; and the right thing."

"So having been nominated a steward," said Ned, taking a cigar cabinet, "you see I am busy."

"Assuredly. Don't let me put you out, old fellow; but instead, if I can be of any help, make use of me."

"Don't doubt that," laughed Ned. "Drawlington, like most other towns, has a surplus of ladies; so a bachelor, especially when he is well favored in person—don't blush—and has money, is a stupendous acquisition!"

Dick Dunn threw himself thoroughly into the business, his aid being readily accepted.

With that spirit of emulation inherent to youth, the "Bachelors" determined their ball should be the ball of the year; that, in the words of the day, it should be "quite too, too, too."

A bachelors' ball was not an original idea but it was new to Drawlington society—a very aristocratic society—and all was expectancy.

The handsome assembly-rooms were made almost fairy-like with flowers and soft-toned hues. Flowers were arranged on each side the staircase; the retiring-rooms were on each side the staircase; the retiring-rooms were perfect boudoirs! The general exclamations, "Lovely!"—"Exquisite!" were not exaggerations. Not one who could possibly accept had refused the invitation of the "Bachelors," and the large ballroom was soon most brilliantly crowded.

"And, on the whole, a very fair share of pretty girls they have brought together!" reflected Dick Dunn, as he strolled through the place.

Ned Westcott had offered to introduce him to no end of jolly girls, but at present he had declined.

He was not what properly could be termed a "dancing-man." He could waltz well, but three to four dances in an evening contented him; so he remarked:

"I'll ask for an introduction when I want it, old fellow. At present I'll just look about me."

A man can see a good deal of character even in a ballroom, and over an hour had passed very quickly to Dick Dunn, when his eyes lighted on one of the sweetest, loveliest faces he had ever seen.

It belonged to a young girl of about twenty, dressed in creamy-white silk, over which fell a soft, misty, gauzy material, like a delicate mauve cloud, gathered here and there with knots of flowers.

Her hair, like threads of gold, and drawn off her clear, smooth, ivory forehead, had only the same simple ornament, though round her neck and on her bosom flashed a diamond necklet of great value.

Her large, clear, velvety blue eyes, half shadowed by long dark lashes, were fixed on the dancers, while her exquisitely-shaped, rose-leaf tinted lips were parted slightly by a smile of innocent enjoyment.

The purity of expression, the almost childlike sweetness in the pleasure around her struck Dick Dunn almost as much as the delicacy of feature; and leaning against a window recess, he contemplated her with the admiration an artist might some soul-inspired picture by a master hand.

The square dance was over; two round dances succeeded, when he abruptly exclaimed, *sotto voce*, and irritably:

"Is taste for the beautiful dead in the 'Bachelors,' or is there some social taboo on yonder lovely girl—the belle of the room most surely? Not one has asked her to dance. Indeed they pass her over as if she were a stick or stone. Only that fine, gray-headed old fellow has spoken to her at all. And what a smile she bestowed on him! I'd—I'd give something for such a one. I had thought I would not dance, it is so confoundedly hot, but I can't resist such a partner. I'd declare she would waltz as lightly and gracefully as a moving sunbeam. Where's Ned? He must introduce me."

Ned Westcott, who was the most indefatigable of dancers, was not easy to catch; and when Dick Dunn did succeed, he was speeding off in search of his partner.

"Want an introduction? Oh, yes, certainly; but I must look alive, old fellow. There's the music, and I can't keep my partner waiting. What, to Miss Ainsworth? Ah! yes; she is just the girl for you; can talk capitally."

While speaking he had been hurrying on, for the couples were taking their places within the cordon.

"Miss Ainsworth, allow me the pleasure to introduce to you Mr. Richard Dunn, who is desirous of the honor."

The girl bowed gracefully. Ned hurried off, and Dick, entering into conversation, soon found that Miss Ainsworth was not only charming in face. The moments passed rapidly.

The dance was over—a pause—then the band struck up a waltz.

"Miss Ainsworth," said Dick, "may I have the honor of your hand for this dance?"

The girl turned her beautiful eyes in his direction, then averted them quickly, while—as a vivid blush, it seemed, almost of pain, spread over her fair cheek—she murmured, hastily:

"Thank you, I never dance," then turning her head, added: "Papa!"

"My love?" and in a second the gray-haired gentleman was by her side.

"The room is hot, and, dear, I'm tired of sitting."

She rose, inclined her head to Dick, who saw now she was very pale, and the gentleman drawing her arm in his moved away.

"Well?" asked Ned, at the instant coming up, "how did you get on with Miss Ainsworth?"

"Admirably! I have never met a girl so agreeable. But I fear I've offended her; though for the life of me I cannot tell how. For no sooner had I asked her to dance ——"

"To dance!" ejaculated Ned. "Oh, by Jove! I ought to have told you. But you are not a dancing-fellow, and I was in such a haste—besides, all here know it so well ——"

"Know what well, for goodness' sake, Ned?"

"That Miss Ainsworth, poor girl, is blind."

"Blind!" The word fell like a crushing blow on Dick's heart.

"Yes, a peculiar case. When a girl she had a violent shock, and for nearly two days was insensible. On recovery she appeared to have forgotten everything, and was blind."

"Poor girl! But the doctors——"

"The General, her father, says they are fairly puzzled. But, Dick, you must excuse me; we'll talk of this after. My partner will be waiting."

Dick Dunn, if it had been polite, would have said, "Confound your partner." As it was, he made his way through the throng again, in search of Laura Ainsworth.

He would have bitten his tongue out rather than have pained her; yet how could he have known that vision had been taken from those clear, velvety eyes, over which the dark lashes had so modestly fallen?

Ah, he knew the reason of that now.

"What a brute she must have thought me," he reflected. "If I could only apologize—but how could I? Still, I'd give anything to remove the impression she must must have me."

He had been aware of the truth he would hardly have done that. The blind, who cannot fall in love with a face, do so with a voice.

Continuing his perambulations, Dick Dunn abruptly came upon Laura Ainsworth. She was seated in one of the small retiring-rooms which the "Bachelors" had fitted as a conservatory. She was alone.

A weary expression was on her delicate features.

Her eyes were turned towards her hands, that toyed listlessly with her bouquet, as if she saw them.

Dick's heart was wrung with compassion. So young, so beautiful, so deprived of pleasure!

"I must say something," he muttered, "at the risk even of again offending her." And moving forward, in the gentlest tones, he could assume, he said, "I trust, Miss Ainsworth, you have recovered from the heat of the ballroom. It is as insufferably hot as this is deliciously cool. Shall I be intruding or obtrusive if I ask the pleasure of continuing our conversation?"

Again the lovely face had flushed, the lashes tremblingly been lowered; but now the eyes were raised to him.

"You are very kind," said Laura, "and I am glad I have an opportunity to apologize for leaving you just now so abruptly. But I know that you were unaware that——"

"Perfectly," said Dick, dropping in a seat by her, and very sympathetic. "Believe me, Miss Ainsworth, rather than have offended you——"

"Oh, no, no," she broke in, "you did not offend; I felt only pain. I do love dancing so—that is, I know I should. It must be so delightful!"

"Do you never try?" he asked.

"Yes, at home. And dear papa, who would give me anything, has let me have the best masters; but I am nervous in a crowd."

"I wish you would trust yourself to me. You should have no need to be nervous," remarked Dick, earnestly. "It is a waltz now. I am sure we could manage that capitally."

Laura's heart beat; her refusal wavered. Already she had a strange confidence in the owner of the manly, musical voice.

Dick Dunn urged, and less than five minutes later Drawlington society was amazed by the sight of Miss Ainsworth in the circle of dancers. Dick, too, had been quite right about her dancing—it was perfect and grace itself.

"By Jove," remarked Ned, "Dick's got the best partner in the room? How ever did he manage it? How awfully well she waltzes!"

"My darling," exclaimed General Ainsworth, when Dick restored his daughter to him, "I hardly could believe my eyes!"

"Oh, dear papa," blushing—a little breathless, but so radiant—"It was so delightful—I knew it would be so. I never have so enjoyed myself. I have to thank this gentleman so much!"

"I, too, love, must do that," answered the General, his gray eyes full of emotion and gratitude as they rested on Dick.

"Miss Ainsworth's pleasure could not have equalled mine," responded Dick, earnestly. "She waltzes so magnificently."

"Pardon me, sir, but when Mr. Westcott introduced you I did not catch your name!" remarked the officer.

"Dunn."

"Not any relation to Horace Dunn, of Meadowlees?"

"He is my father, General Ainsworth."

"How extraordinary! He was my chum at Addiscombe. Mr. Dunn, I am delighted to know his son!" extending his hand. "During your stay at Drawlington, I hope you will favor us with a visit—nay two or three—as many as you like; you will be welcome."

While Dick answered readily in the affirmative, Laura had been arranging her cloak, for the General had ordered the carriage. Then the adieux were spoken, and father and daughter moved away.

As they went, Dick, who had rather lingered in their wake, with a throb at the heart heard Laura say, raising her bright face towards her father's:

"Papa, dear, waltzing is so delightful! Did Mr. Dunn say he would come to Meadowlees? Yes? I am so glad!"

"My dear Dick, why ever are you sitting in, this conservatory all alone? Poor compliment to our ball—and it's such an awfully jolly one!"

"The most awfully jolly' I was ever at," laughed Dick.

"You don't look peculiarly happy, old fellow?"

"I was never happier, Ned! for, in secret, I am in love."

"In love?"

"Yes, with Laura Ainsworth."

Dick Dunn was not long in putting in an appearance at Meadowlees. The General received him heartily; Laura with a delicate hue on her cheek and tremor of the lip, which were yet better welcome.

If he had found her charming in a ballroom, how much more was she at home in the animation of conversation; no one would have guessed or heeded her affliction!

"It surprises you how much I know?" she laughed one day, in reply to a rather unguarded speech of Dick's. "That's owing to dear papa. He has taught me by reading aloud, and I learned quickly."

It struck Dick, watching the nimble white fingers tatting, that it would be a very delightful thing to be an instructor to such a pupil.

"Come now, Dick," had remarked Ned; "Miss Ainsworth is very lovely, but you would not choose a blind wife?"

"Yes, I would, if it were Miss Ainsworth," replied Dick Dunn, quietly.

And it was true. He would rather have wedded her than any other, and he hoped it was his fortune to do so.

He felt it would be an exquisite joy to be her guide—to know she rested on and trusted in him, as on the General. Above all, to see the radiant, pleased look on her features when she heard his voice. Ah, yes, he had found out how welcome he was to her already.

One day, while seated together in the grounds, she said:

"I wish papa would come. I want his eyes awhile, 'like Bertha did her father's, Caleb Plummer.'"

"Miss Ainsworth, will not mine serve? Oh, Laura, if I might hope that you would say 'Yes, for ever!'" exclaimed Dick.

"Mr. Dunn!" exclaimed the girl, pale, red, startled. "Oh! you do not know what you say! You would——"

"I would wed you, Laura, for I love you as I have never loved nor can love woman!" he remarked, passionately. "If you say no, I'll never marry; but you will not, dearest"—and he gently drew her towards him—"my dearest!"

Before that week was out, the chief topic of conversation in Drawlington society was handsome Dick Dunn's engagement to Laura Ainsworth.

Of course people wondered; but Dick saw no wonder about it. He felt the happiest fellow in creation. The only obstacle had been the General.

He had demurred slightly, nervously anxious about his daughter's happiness; but there was that in Dick's devotion that even won him. Besides, his 'No,' he felt, would break his child's heart.

The sunshine of those few weeks was at last clouded by Dick Dunn's departure. He had to get back to town; but then, when he came down again it would be to make Laura his wife.

"Why that sigh, my darling, and sad look?" queried Dick, as he held her in his arms before leaving. "Are you not happy, dear?"

"Happy!" she smiled. "Ah! Richard, was ever woman more so? but is there ever happiness without alloy? Dearest, what would I not give if Heaven would grant me one glimpse of your face?"

"Picture it as your ideal in dreams, love," he rejoined; and then he was gone.

The months passed quickly even to the lovers, for many preparations had to be seen to.

Dick, however, had discovered one great drawback through Laura's affliction. She could not read his letters; and a lover hardly cares for his epistles to be conned by a gray-haired father of sixty whose romance is all dead.

At last in the sweet spring-time the wedding was fixed, and Dick expected down one day "next week," as he wrote.

"I'll take you by surprise, for I shall speed off the instant I get free!"

Thus Laura was kept in a state of pleasurable expectancy.

It was on the morning of the Wednesday that General Ainsworth, opening his newspaper, said:

"Another railway accident—fatal collision! Really, the frequency of these——"

Then he came to an abrupt pause. His face paled, and he glanced with almost terror at his daughter.

"Well, papa," she said, "where was it? Not our line, I hope?"

"Oh! no, no, not ours!" hastily. "Confound my voice! Why can I not command it?" *sotto voce*, as he saw the sharp turn of his child's face towards him. "It's the South-Western! Heaven pardon me the falsehood!" he repeated: "but what can I do?" for it was not only the Midland, but among the list of passengers killed he had seen the name of Richard Dunn!

"How strangely you speak, papa!"

"I was not aware of it, my child! It's a bad accident, you see, and it shocks one! I'd read it my love, only I'm in haste this morning; I have an appointment!"

The general hurried his breakfast, and started for the Junction, not fifteen miles off where the collision had occurred.

Directly he had gone Laura, rising groped for the *Daily News*. She was very pale. Her sensitive ear had caught an intonation in her father's voice that had created her suspicions.

Clutching the sheets of rustling paper, she rang the bell. When the servant appeared and began removing the breakfast, she said, carelessly:

"Have you heard of the railway accident, John?"

"Yes, miss; the South-Western line!"

Laura ascended to her room, and asked the same question of her maid—to receive the same prompt answer.

"They are deceiving me!" thought she. "Papa has told them; I know it! Oh! if—if anything has happened to Richard! They will never confess it! How can I find out? Richard, my love!"

Restless, she had found her way into the grounds, when a child's voice fell on her ears. It was the lodge-keeper's daughter.

"Hetty," said Laura, calling her, "I know you can read; read this railway accident to me, dear; you'll find it in the paper, and I'll give you this brooch."

Taking the paper readily, the child struggled through the account. Five minutes later, uttering a piercing shriek, Laura fell insensible, her lover's name on her lips.

"Hero—Laura—my darling! It was a mistake—I am safe!" came in answer, and Dick, pale, his arm in a sling, ran forward, but too late.

For a fortnight Laura lay on the verge of the grave. Sharp was the struggle. Then came the moment of waking. Was it to be for life—or death?

Anxiously the father and lover watched and waited. Soon the sweet features showed animation; the white lids rose; the eyes fixed on Dick.

"What is it?" murmured Laura. "Where is papa? I cannot see plainly. There is a mist before me. Who are you? I do not know!"

The men sat breathless. The doctor bent forward eagerly.

"It is wonderful!" he whispered. "I believe her sight is returning."

"Thank Heaven!" burst devoutly from Dick and the General's lips.

The doctor was right, though months elapsed before the cure was effected; but one morning bandages were removed, the

light was let in, and Dick Dunn stood before her he loved.

"My own Laura!" he exclaimed. "You are happy now?"

"Yes," she replied, nestling to him; "for Heaven has heard my prayer. I see your face!"

Don't.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"YOU are serious this evening," said Mrs. Landell to her husband. "I hope nothing has gone wrong during the day?"

Mr. Landell, who had been sitting, with his eyes upon the door, silent and abstracted, for some minutes, roused himself at these words, and looking up at his wife, smiled, as he answered, "Oh, no! Nothing has gone wrong."

"Don't you feel well?" The voice of Mrs. Landell was just shaded with concern.

"Well enough in body; but not so comfortable in mind as I desire."

"Then something has gone wrong?" said the wife.

Her manner was slightly troubled.

"Nothing more than usual," Mr. Landell replied.

The forced smile had faded away from his countenance.

Mrs. Landell sighed.

"Than usual?" She repeated his words, looking with earnest inquiry into her husband's face. Then she added tenderly, "Bring home your trouble, dear. Don't hide anything. Let me share with you all the good and ill of life. Hearts draw nearer in suffering than they do in joy."

"Bless your kind heart, Alice!" said Mr. Landell, a broad smile sweeping over his face, as he caught her round cheeks between his hands, and kissed her. "There isn't anything in the case so serious as that comes to. I'm not going to fail in business—haven't lost anything worth speaking about. Haven't cheated anybody, and don't intend doing so. It's only this hasty, impulsive temper of mine that is all the while leading me to do or say something that leaves a sting."

The cloud passed from the face of Mrs. Landell.

"You will overcome that in time, Edward," said she, encouragingly.

"I can't see that I make any progress. Yesterday I spoke sharply to one of my young men, when a mild reproof would have been juster, and of more salutary effect. He is sensitive, and my words hurt him severely. The shadow that remained on his face all day was my perpetual rebuke, and I felt it long after the sun went down. My punishment was greater than his. But the lesson of yesterday did not suffice. This morning I was again betrayed into captious language, that wounded the same young man, and threw him so much off his guard, that he answered me back with some feeling. This I regarded as impertinence, and threatened to dismiss him from my service if he dared venture a repetition of the language. When feeling subsided, and thought became clear again, I saw that I had been wrong and done wrong. And I have felt unhappy about it ever since. I wish that I had more self-control; that I could bridle my tongue when feeling is suddenly spurred. But temperament and long-indulged habits are both against me."

Mrs. Landell encouraged and soothed her husband, and so won his mind away from its brooding self-reproaches.

On the next morning, as Mr. Landell was about leaving for his warehouse, his wife looked up at him, and, with a meaning smile, said, "Don't!"

There was just the slightest perceptible warning in her tone.

"Don't what?"

Mr. Landell seemed a little puzzled

"Don't forget yourself."

"Oh!" Light broke in upon his mind. "Thank you; I will not!"

And he went forth to meet the trials of the day.

Almost the first thing that fell under the notice of Mr. Landell was an important letter, which, after writing, he had given to the clerk to copy and post. Instead of being where it should have been, it lay upon his desk. Neglect like that he felt to be unpardonable.

"John!"

He called sharply to a young man at the further end of the warehouse.

"Don't!" It seemed like the voice of his wife in his ears. "Don't forget yourself!"

This mental warning came just in season. The clerk came quickly towards him. By the time he reached the desk of Mr. Landell, the latter was still under self-control.

"Why was not this letter posted, John?" The tone was neither imperative nor captious, but kind, and the question asked in a way that said, "Of course there is a good reason for the omission."

And so there was.

"I think, sir," answered John, "that there is a mistake, and I thought it best not to put the letter in the post."

"A mistake? How?"

And Mr. Landell opened the letter.

"It reads," said the clerk, "three hundred cases of calico."

"Oh, no—thirty cases," replied Mr. Landell. But, as he said thirty, his eyes rested on three hundred. "So it is! How could I have made such an error? You were right, John, in not sending the letter away."

The clerk went back to his place; and the merchant said to himself, "How glad I am that I was able to control myself! If I had spoken to that young man as if I felt, I would have wronged and alienated him, and made trouble for myself all day."

Not long after this, a case of goods fell through one of the hatchway, crashing down upon the landing with a noise that caused Mr. Landell, whose temperament was exceedingly nervous, to spring to his feet.

To blame someone was his first impulse.

"What careless fellow has done this?" was on his tongue.

"Don't."

The inward monitor spoke in time. Mr. Landell shut his lips tips tightly, and kept silent until he could command himself. He then calmly inquired into the cause of the accident, and found that special blame attached to no one. On opening the case of goods, the damage was found to be trifling.

"Another conquest," said Mr. Landell, as he went back to his desk. "Self-control is easy enough, if the trial be made in earnest."

A dozen times that day was the torch applied to Mr. Landell's quick temper, and as often was he in danger of blazing out. But he had begun right, and, he kept right until the sun went down.

And then he turned his step homeward, feeling more comfortable in mind than he had felt for many weeks. There was no shadow on his countenance when he met his wife, but smiling good-humor.

"You said 'Don't' as I left you this morning."

"Well?"

"And I didn't!"

"You are a hero," said Mrs. Landell, laughing.

"Not much of a one. The conquest was easy enough when I drew the sword in earnest."

"And you feel better?"

"Oh, a thousand times! What a curse of one's life this quick temper is! I am ashamed of myself half-a-dozen times a day on an average. But I have made a good beginning and mean to keep on right until the end."

"Don't!" said Mr. Landell to her husband, as she parted with him at the front door on the next morning.

"I won't!" was the hearty answer.

And he didn't, as the pleasant evening he passed with his wife at its close most clearly testified

Reader, if you are quick-tempered—Don't.

The Pearl Brooch.

BY C. F. FULTON.

BENEATH two twin chestnut-trees a yellow-tasselled hammock swung slowly to and fro; and in it sat two girls, clasping each other with twining arms, their cheeks together and their curls intermingling. Both were beautiful; and the warm, fragrant summer afternoon, the broad green lawn of Dacre Court, the loveliness of earth and sky seemed but a fitting setting for the picture they formed.

Gerard Dacre, who was sitting in a lounging-chair beside them, and swinging the hammock slightly with an occasional touch, cared not to look at anything else in the world, so completely were his eyes satisfied and his heart contented. But his eyes lingered on one of these beautiful faces, his heart responded passionately to the least emotion or interest shown by one of the two girls. And Vivien Dacre, his cousin, the beauty of the county, the sole heiress of a great estate, watched in vain for one look from the man she loved. She loved him, and she thought his love was hers by right; for it had always been understood that they were to marry. But Gerard was not easily influenced by any but his own judgment. He did not care for Vivien, and he thought the making of two estates into one a small matter compared to the happiness of his whole life. And that happiness he knew could only be given him by May Faversham; and May Faversham was a dependent in his house—a dependent on his charity and on his mother's. No position in the world can be more unhappy than this; and yet Vivien Dacre at this moment would gladly have changed places with this penniless girl. For Vivien had learned to think she could not live without Gerard's love; she had come to stay at Dacre Court because no society, no amusements she could have in her own house pleased her, for he did not come there. Her home was ten miles away, across the rich country—a delightful ride; yet Gerard never rode over. And now, when at his mother's invitation Vivien came to stay at the Court, it was to find that Gerard had neither sight nor hearing for anyone but May Faversham. This poor girl was the daughter of an old friend of Mrs. Dacre's who had married badly and left her child alone and helpless in the world, without special training or aptitude, with nothing but a lovely face, a sweet voice, a charming presence to help her in her struggle. Mrs. Dacre offered her a home; May was to read to her, to make herself useful—to be a sort of "companion." Mrs. Dacre had been fond of her, until she saw the result of this beautiful girl's presence in the house—that Gerard loved her. And then she reproached herself angrily for her folly, and looked around for means to undo it.

She was coming towards them now, across the sunny lawn, holding a large white lace sunshade over her, and moving slowly as if the warm air made her languid. She came and sat down beside the others, and as she looked at the different faces a shade came on her own. For she saw that no art or charm of Vivien's could draw Gerard's eyes on her for more than a moment. And Vivien's gay laugh did not deceive her as it deceived the others. She saw the little disappointment and passion hidden beneath.

"Vivien," she said, as her eyes wandered over the girl's pretty form, "why do you never wear that brooch with your mother's portrait in it?

"Oh, it is so old-fashioned," said Vivien, "I cannot wear it."

"Have you got it here?" asked Mrs. Dacre. "I should like to see it."

"Yes, I have it here," answered Vivien. "I will bring it down when I next go to my room. It is always in my jewel-case. I really don't know what to do with it—the pearls are very valuable, worth a great deal I believe."

"Yes, I know they are," said Mrs. Dacre. "They are simply splendid."

"I should like to have them re-set," said Vivien; "and yet I don't like to take them from the portrait. But I can't wear such a big thing."

"It would be a great pity to take it to pieces," said Mrs. Dacre.

"Well, you shall look at it and see what you think," said Vivien.

Presently she rose, slowly disentangling herself from May's arms and from the embrace of the hammock. Very few people can get out of a hammock gracefully; but Vivien was one of the few, for grace was natural to her.

She stood on the grass between the others, looking at May, who lay back, laughing, happy, languid with the heat and glad with love; looked at her with strange eyes that, if May had seen them, must have startled her out of her joyousness. But May did not see them; her eyelashes lay on her cheeks; she was conscious of Gerard's gaze and Gerard's presence—nothing else. Vivien's hands hung in front of her, restlessly moving; suddenly she clasped them fiercely together, and then turned and went across the lawn to the house.

"It is tea-time," said Mrs. Dacre, rising too.

"Shall we have it out here?" asked Gerard.

"No," said Mrs. Dacre. "It is too hot. The cool drawing-room will be a relief."

Truth to tell she would have suggested anything to get May out of that hammock, in which she looked so dangerously pretty.

They all went across to the house now. Mrs. Dacre claimed Gerard's arm. May Faversham followed them, smiling to herself from sheer happiness.

Vivien was standing at the drawing-room window, which opened to the ground; she held a little case in her hand. The tea had just come in; as they gathered round the table Vivien opened the case and held it out to Mrs. Dacre.

"See!" she said; "there is the brooch."

"It is a lovely miniature," said Mrs. Dacre, "and the pearls are splendid. I should wear it if it were mine."

They all looked over her shoulder at the brooch, May came last; she uttered a little cry of surprise and delight.

"How beautiful it is!" she exclaimed.

Then she turned away and went to pour out the tea, which was one of her duties. Mrs. Dacre looked a long time at the picture; she had known the original. Then she closed the case and put it on a table near Vivien.

Vivien took it up and opened the case again.

"I think I shall have the pearls re-set," she said.

"No, no!" said Mrs. Dacre. "It would be a shame."

Vivien went to the window to look at the pearls; then with a sigh, she closed the case sharply, came back to the table and put it down.

"I never can decide what to do with it!" she said.

"Take care of it!" said Mrs. Dacre. "It is very valuable.

Vivien drank a cup of tea and then rose, fanning herself. Two red spots had come in her cheeks.

"It is so hot!" she said, and wandered away to the window and out of doors again. Soon afterwards May rose and left the room. There was a dinner-party that evening, and she had to arrange the flowers for the table.

"Vivien has left the brooch lying about," said Mrs. Dacre. "Careless child! Give it me, Gerard, and I will take care of it for her."

Gerard handed her the case, and then went away to the library to write letters.

A little later Vivien came back into the room. Mrs. Dacre was alone, reading; the case lay in her lap.

"Ah, my brooch!" said Vivien; "you have it! I thought I had left it about, and perhaps I had better put it away."

Mrs. Dacre smiled as she gave it her.

"You deserve to lose it," she said.

Vivien took the case, and opened it. Suddenly a strange sort of silence fell on them. The case was empty. Mrs. Dacre roused herself first.

"You must have left it out of the case—or fastened it on your dress——"

"It was in the case when I shut it," said Vivien, in a low voice.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mrs. Dacre; "there must be some mistake. No one can have touched it. It has not been out of my sight."

"Where is it then?" said Vivien.

Both began to search, first on the table, in likely places, and then all over the room. At last Mrs. Dacre paused, with a scared face. She went out of the room, crossed the hall, and opening the library-door, called Gerard. They came back together in a moment, he looking puzzled and bewildered.

"I have not touched the brooch," he said; "I only looked at it a moment. It must be here somewhere. Or you have it, Vivien; perhaps you put it in some pocket without thinking."

"It was in the case when I shut it," said Vivien, positively.

She was so pale now, and her lips trembled a little.

"Perhaps you took it to your room and laid it down without noticing you had done so," said Mrs. Dacre.

"I have not been there," said Vivien: "I have been in the garden."

"Besides, Vivien saw it in the case when she shut it," said Gerard. "What can it mean?"

"It can't have been even seen by any of the servants," said Mrs. Dacre.

"Who has been in the room?" asked Gerard.

"No one," answered his mother, "but ourselves and May."

There was a pause. No one knew what to say or how to act. Then Vivien tried to laugh.

"It is lost, I suppose!" she said. "I always thought I should lose it some day!"

And leaving the empty case on the table, she went out of the room.

"Does she mean stolen?" said Gerard, savagely.

"Don't say such things!" cried out Mrs. Dacre. "Let us look for it. Call May."

May came arm-in-arm with Vivien, who had gone to her in the dining-room. She too had only seen the brooch, like Gerard, when Mrs. Dacre had held the case. She began to hunt the whole room again, and Gerard with her. But nothing was discovered; and when the dressing-bell rang, the four were still together in the drawing-room, in profound consternation.

"I have not finished the flowers!" cried May, and ran away to the dining-room.

The others went to dress gloomily and without a word. They none of them were long in dressing that evening; in a very short time the three were again in the drawing-room. For Gerald and Mrs. Dacre were now thoroughly alarmed and anxious. They stood together in the window talking in low voices and trying to decide what to do.

Presently the door opened and a servant came in. It was Vivien's maid.

"What is the matter, Theresa?" exclaimed Vivien; "you look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"I don't know what to say, Miss, or what to do. You said you had lost your brooch——"

In an instant they had all turned on the girl.

"Well?" demanded Vivien.

"I have just seen it, Miss; I haven't touched it. Please, Miss, come and see for yourself."

"But where, Theresa, say where!" exclaimed Vivien.

The girl looked round nervously.

"Speak out!" said Mrs. Dacre.

"You told me to get that Spanish lace you had lent Miss Faversham and bring it to you, Miss; she was not in her room—she is not going to dine to-night, I think. I know where she keeps her laces, so I opened the wardrobe and looked for it. I can't find it, Miss; but right in, hidden among the laces I found the pearl brooch."

At that moment the door-bell rang; and a moment later the first of the dinner guests was ushered into the room.

Mrs. Dacre and Gerard were compelled to rouse themselves and hide the excitement they were in. But Vivien managed to escape, and ran swiftly upstairs. The maid had gone at the sound of the door-bell.

A few minutes later Mrs. Dacre went hurrying upstairs; she met Vivien on the landing.

"I have told them to keep back dinner a minute," said Mrs. Dacre; "I must see this for myself."

"Don't go to May's room," said Vivien; "I think she is there.

"Have you not been in?"

"I was afraid to go; it is such a dreadful thing!"

"Come now, then, with me."

Mrs. Dacre opened the door of May's room and entered. No one was there.

"Where does she keep her laces, I wonder?" said Mrs. Dacre.

"I don't know; I will call Theresa," said Vivien, hurriedly.

Vivien's room was in the same corridor, and Theresa was there putting things away. She came and opened the wardrobe, and turned over a lot of lace.

"It is gone!" she exclaimed.

"Gone!" said the others in a breath.

At that moment the door-bell rang again.

"I must go down," said Mrs. Dacre. "I think this is all a mistake. You must have fancied it, Theresa."

"I swear I saw it here," said Theresa. "I am not mistaken, Ma'am; it has been taken away."

There was no more time for words. Mrs. Dacre hurried down to the drawing-room. As she crossed the hall she met May, who had been arranging the dessert.

May enjoyed such work and did it artistically. She was going away now quietly, singing to herself in a low, happy voice.

She came face to face with Mrs. Dacre and her heart seemed struck with a sudden chill.

What had happened? What did that terrible suspicious look mean? She turned and looked after Mrs. Dacre a moment and then hurried away into the garden.

She wore a light grey morning dress; and to-night, as she was not to be of the dinner-party, there was no need to change it.

She seemed distressed and unhappy, and presently went away to bed. Then Mrs. Dacre turned on her son.

"If you intend to shield May Faversham," she said, "you will be a disgrace to the name you bear."

"I don't intend to," said Gerard; "she will not need it. I will stake my life on her innocence."

Mrs. Dacre laughed bitterly.

"When a man is infatuated, he is incapable of reason," she said. "Did you see how her eyes flashed as she looked at the pearls? She heard all we said about their value. And she is penniless. Very likely it was too great a temptation to put before her."

"She is innocent," said Gerard, doggedly.

"You are in love with a pretty face," said Mrs. Dacre, contemptuously; "it is useless to talk to you. But I know you will act as the head of this house should act. The police must be sent for in the morning. Good-night."

She swept out of the room, leaving Gerard alone with his gloomy thoughts. He went away to his own room soon, and before long all the house was dark and silent; but he did not go to rest. The thought of it did not occur to him. He walked up and down, trying to think how to act, so as to do his duty as Vivien's host, and yet fight for the girl he loved.

He believed Theresa was the thief, though he could not understand her conduct. Worn out at last, he sat down and fell into a profound, hardly conscious reverie. From this he was suddenly startled by a slight sound in the house. He looked at his watch. It was between two and three. Who could be moving?

Quickly he started up, opened his door, and went out into the corridor. The wide stairway was near his room; he thought he saw something move. He hurried with quick soft steps towards it. A figure fled from one shadow to another. He recognised that soft grey dress—it was May; a great white lace shawl, was over her head, but he knew her. She was going upstairs to the empty rooms, which never were used! The upper story of this part of the house was always empty; for there was a haunted room in it, and no one liked to sleep there. Long ago a young and beautiful daughter of the house had killed herself because her lover was treacherous. Her picture still hung upon the wall of her room, her harp stood in its old place, and sometimes at night her ghostly fingers touched its strings, and an old-world melody disturbed the sleepers in the house. No one would go into that upper story after dark; and now, when all the house was still, May was going there alone. What could it mean?

The natural explanation flashed into Gerard's mind. She was going to hide the brooch.

He determined to know the truth, and with but a moment's pause for thought, followed her quickly up the dim stairway. The grey morning light was creeping in at the high windows; by it he had seen and recognised her dress; by it he could see what might be happening in the deserted corridor above.

He had gone but half way when a sound reached his ear that for a moment chilled his heart and stayed his step. It was so unexpected. A faint sweet strain of music!—the harp was touched. But he quickly recovered from his first momentary superstitious terror; he had seen May go upstairs; he knew it was no ghostly hand that touched those strings.

No doubt she fancied she had been heard, and hoped to terrify the household by this stratagem, and so have time to accomplish what she desired to do. Gerard hurried upstairs and went hastily down the dark corridor.

Just as he reached the door of the haunted room he heard a faint sound within; a hand was on the door—in a moment it would be opened! Then he would stand face to face with the girl he loved; he would have to accuse her, in this ghostly place, at this uncanny hour, of theft, of treachery, of base ingratitude! His heart stood still at the thought. He leaned against the wall, scarcely able to stand. A hope suddenly occurred to him.

If Theresa had done this, possibly she had succeeded in obtaining May's dress from her dressing-room after she was asleep, and was masquerading in it. No doubt this was so, he thought, with a gasp of relief. He determined to be merciful to the wretched girl; for, criminal though she was, he argued by some strange process that she deserved mercy for saving him from a bitter sorrow. His fair May a thief? The idea was madness.

The door softly opened; his heart seemed to tremble within him with the dread of anticipation. A faint light fell upon the doorway; in another moment the figure he had seen before stepped out into the light. He uttered an inarticulate cry of amazement. The face was Vivien's! He started forward and seized her wrist.

"What have you done?" he exclaimed in a hoarse voice.

"Let me go!" she cried, trying to wrench her hand from his grasp, and speaking wildly, as if surprise and terror forced the words from her white lips. "I did it for love of you!—for love of you, fool that I am!"

Gerard let her hand go, with a gesture of mingled horror and amazement. There was no conventional veil of gaiety on her face now; he saw its cruelty and selfishness unmasked.

"What!" he exclaimed; "you would have ruined May's life?"

Vivien, looking in his face saw written there his horror and disgust. She turned suddenly and fled away down the corridor and down the staircase, Gerard did not follow her. He turned and went into the haunted room. The harp stood in the centre, an old writing table by the window, a faded sofa against the wall. There was little furniture in the room, and he looked round in the dim light, hardly knowing where to commence his search. After a moment's hesitation some invitation seemed to guide him; he went to the picture of the unhappy lady whose presence was supposed to linger always about the scene of her sad death. It was in a heavy frame; he moved it a little from the wall. Something fell out and rolled away upon the floor; he stooped and picked it up. It was a packet wrapped in paper. Hastily he tore off the wrapper, and, as he expected, saw the gleam of the pearl brooch. He stood a moment looking sadly at it, for the eyes of Vivien's mother were fixed on his. It softened his heart a little to think that this selfish, headstrong girl had been motherless since she was a little child. Perhaps she hardly understood her cruelty and wickedness. Holding the brooch in his hand, he softly left the room and went downstairs again. He paused outside his mother's door and knocked gently. In a moment she answered.

"Who is it?" she said. When she heard his voice she opened it at once. She was in her dressing-gown, her face was white with terror.

"Did you hear the harp?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Gerard, what can be going to happen? That harp is never heard but when some very great misery is going to fall on the house!"

Gerard went in and shut the door behind him, when he quickly told her what he had seen, and repeated Vivien's wild, passionate words.

"She thought we should turn May out of the house, I suppose?" he said, in deep indignation.

"Vivien loves you!" said Mrs. Dacre, pitcously.

"Is that any excuse?" he demanded.

"No," she answered, "none. I will go to Vivien's room; I will speak to her. Oh, Gerard, it is awful!"

She went slowly down the corridor, thinking as she went. But soon she came back with swift steps and scared face.

"Vivien is not there!" she exclaimed. "What can she be doing? Oh, Gerard, the girl is so passionate, I am afraid for her!"

At that moment there was a sound outside the house that made them both start. It was of a horse's hoofs, hurrying down the avenue. Gerard rushed to the window, flung it up, and leaned out.

"It is Vivien!" he said, after a long look. "She must have got out her pony and saddled him herself. No doubt she means to ride home; she is ashamed to face any of us. I am glad she has that much shame in her. Well, mother, am I to send for the police?"

"What are we to do?" asked Mrs. Dacre.

"I will tell you what I propose," said Gerard. "We will pack up this brooch and let Theresa take it with her when she follows her mistress. I will say no word if you will not. Vivien is one of our family; let her own heart punish her, as it is sure to do. But May must be righted after this terrible suspicion."

"How can that be done if no word is said about Vivien?"

"She must become my wife as soon as possible. You can make no opposition now, mother. If we shield Vivien we owe May every possible reparation."

"Be it so, said Mrs. Dacre, with a sigh. "I cannot oppose you. But how is the matter to be explained to the servants?"

"The household need only hear that the brooch has been found. I don't know what is to be done with Theresa. Can you deal with her?"

"I will try—I will think what I can do. Perhaps I had better drive her over in the morning, and have an explanation with Vivien, and let the wretched girl tell the maid what she chooses."

"Except that she must show May's innocence."

"Your marriage will do that," said Mrs. Dacre, with a smile.

That day Gerard's engagement was announced; and three months later, to the envy and amazement of all the unmarried young ladies in the county, May Faversham became Mrs. Gerard Dacre. Long before that, Vivien had gone abroad; and it was years before she returned to her own home, after she too had married. And then she heard, from every gossip, of the happiness which had been brought about by the pearl brooch; happiness to the fair girl whose life she had tried to blast and ruin. Vivien's secret was faithfully preserved; but the county society soon learned that Vivien would go to no party where she would be likely to meet Gerard Dacre or his wife.

THE disappointed female who jumped from the highest suspension bridge in England into the river Avon and escaped with slight injury is the object of psychological interest in that, before leaving the infirmary, she received three offers of marriage.

Words and Intentions.

Let it be clearly understood that Compound Oxygen is only made and dispensed by DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia. Any substance made elsewhere, and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious and worthless, and those who try it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover. Send for their treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be mailed free.

BOY-LOVE.

ONE of the queerest and funniest things to think of, in after life, is boy-love. No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature than he begins to imagine himself a man, and to ape manish ways. He casts side glances at all the tall girls he may meet, becomes a regular attendant at church carries a cane, holds his head erect and struts a little in his walk. Presently, and very soon, he falls in love; yes, falls is the proper word, because it best indicates his happy, delirious self-abasement. He lives now in a fairy region, somewhat collateral to the world, and yet blended somehow inextricably with it. He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils, scatters essences over handkerchief and desperately shaves for a moustache. He quotes poetry in which "love" and "dove," "heart" and "dart," peculiarly predominate; and he plunges deeper in the delicious labyrinth, fancies himself filled with the divine afflatus, and suddenly breaks into a scarlet rash—of rhyme.

He feeds upon the looks of his beloved; is raised to the seventh heaven if she speaks a pleasant word; is betrayed into the most astonishing ecstasies by a smile; and is plunged into the gloomiest regions of misanthropy by a frown. He believes himself the most devoted lover in the world. There was never such another! There never will be! He is the one great idolator! Wealth! he despises the grovelling thought. Poverty, with the adorable beloved, he rapturously apostrophizes as the first of all earthly blessings; and "love in a cottage, with water and a crust," is his beau-ideal paradise of dainty delights. He declares to himself with the most solemn emphasis that he would go through fire and water, undertake a pilgrimage to China or Kamschatka, swim storm-tossed oceans, scale impassable mountains, and face legions of bayonets, for but one sweet smile from her dear lips. He dotes upon a flower she has cast away.

He cherishes her glove—a little worn in the fingers—next to his heart. He sighs like a locomotive letting off the steam. He scrawls her dear name over quires of foolscap—a fitting medium for his insanity. He scornfully deprecates the attention of other boys of his own age; cuts Peter Tibbets dead because he said that the adorable Angelina had carroty hair, and passes Harry Bell contemptuously for daring to compare "that gawky Mary Jane" with his incomparable Angelina. Happy, happy, foolish boy-love! with its joys, and its hopes, and its fears; its sorrows, its jealousies, and its delights; its raptures and its tortures; its ecstatic fervors and terrible heart-burnings; its solemn ludicrousness, and its intensely prosaic termination.

BY ORDER OF THE KING.—The following anecdote of Frederick the Great displays a refinement in cruelty worthy of the most savage monster that ever disgraced mankind:—In the first war of Silesia, the King being desirous of making, in the night-time, some alteration in his camp, forbid, under the pain of death, to keep, after a certain hour, either fire or candle burning in the tents. He went round the camp himself, to see that his orders were obeyed; and, as he passed by Captain Zietern's tent, he perceived a light. He entered, and found the captain sealing a letter, which he had just finished, and was written to his wife, whom he tenderly loved. "What are you doing there?" said the King. "Do not you know the orders?" Zietern threw himself at his feet, and begged for mercy, but he neither could nor attempted to deny his fault. "Sit down," said the King to him, "and add a few words I shall dictate." The officer obeyed, and the King dictated, "To-morrow I shall perish on a scaffold." Zietern wrote it, and—he was executed the next day!

MISER AND SURGEON.—One very dark night, Mr. Elwes, a celebrated miser, who lived in London a century ago, hurrying along the street, ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. Colonel Timm, at whose house he was, insisted on a surgeon being sent for, with which Mr. Elwes reluctantly complied. The surgeon, on his arrival, began to expatiate on the dangerous consequences of breaking the skin, the peculiar, bad appearance of the wounds, and the good fortune of his being sent for. "Very probably," said old Elwes; "but, in my opinion my legs are not much hurt. Now you think they are; so I will make this agreement. I will take one leg, and you shall take the other. You shall do what you please to yours, and I shall do nothing to mine; and I'll wager you your bill that my leg gets well the first." He used to boast that he beat the surgeon by a fortnight.

ECONOMY.—To live well, economy is necessary. No matter if persons have large incomes, they should be economical, for to waste is wicked. Many people would be economical, if they knew how, but the practice of economy is an art. Many people use expensive articles of food and dress when cheaper ones would be in every way better and more serviceable. Especially in regulating table-expenses is there great want of economy. A little useful information concerning the qualities of food, the amount of nutritive matter they contain, the wants of the human system, and the best way of cooking, would often save fully one-third, and, in many instances, half the expense. A wise economy in table-expenses is favorable to health, and thus prevents doctor's bills, and conduces to strength and happiness.

PLAGUE STRICKEN PLYMOUTH.

Does a Similar Danger Threaten Everyone of Us?

How Public Attention is Directed to Personal Perils.

Rochester (N. Y.) Correspondence Indianapolis Sentinel.

"Judge," said a young lawyer to a very successful senior, "tell me the secret of your uniform success at the bar."

"Ah, young man, that secret is a life study, but I will give it to you on condition that you pay all my bills during this session of court."

"Agreed, sir," said the junior.

"Evidence, indisputable evidence."

At the end of the month the judge reminded the young man of his promise.

"I recall no such promise."

"Ah, but you made it."

"Your evidence, please?"

And the judge, not having any witnesses, lost a case for once.

The man who can produce indisputable evidence wins public favor. I had an interview yesterday with the most successful of American advertisers, whose advertising is most successful because always backed by evidence.

"What styles of advertising do you use?" I asked H. H. Warner, Esq.

"Display, reading matter and paragraphs of testimonials.

"Have you many testimonials?"

In answer he showed me a large cabinet chock-full. "We have enough to fill Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Philadelphia morning papers."

"Do you publish many of them?"

"Not a tithe. Wonderful as are those we do publish, we have thousands like them which we cannot use. 'Why not?' Let me tell you. 'Warner's safe cure' has probably been the most successful medicine for female disorders ever discovered. We have testimonials from ladies of the highest rank, but it would be indelicate to publish them. Likewise many statesmen, lawyers, clergymen, doctors of world-wide fame have been cured, but we can only refer to such persons in the most guarded terms, as we do in our reading articles."

"Are these reading articles successful?"

"When read they make such an impression that when the 'evil days' of ill health draw nigh they are remembered, and Warner's safe cure is used."

"No, sir, it is not necessary now, as at first, to do such constant and extensive advertising. A meritorious medicine sells itself after its merits are known. We present just evidence enough to disarm skeptics and to impress the merits of the remedies upon new consumers. We feel it to be our duty to do this. Hence, best to accomplish our mission of healing the sick, we have to use the reading article style. People won't read plain testimonials."

"Yes, sir, thousands admit that had they not learned of Warner's safe cure through this clever style they would still be ailing and still impoverishing themselves in fees to unsuccessful 'practitioners.' It would do your soul good to read the letters of thanksgiving we get from mothers grateful for the perfect success which attends Warner's safe cure when used for children, and the surprised gratification with which men and women of older years and impaired vigor, testify to the youthful feelings restored to them by the same means."

"Are these good effects permanent?"

"Of all the cases of kidney, liver, urinary and female diseases we have cured, not two per cent. of them report a return of their disorders. Who else can show such a record?"

"What is the secret of Warner's safe cure permanently, reaching so many serious disorders?"

"I will explain by an illustration: The little town of Plymouth, Pa., has been plague-stricken for several months because its water supply was carelessly poisoned. The kidneys and liver are the sources of physical well being. If polluted by disease, all the blood becomes poisoned and every organ is affected, and thus great danger threatens every one who neglects to treat himself promptly. I was greatly afraid myself of extreme kidney disease, but what is now Warner's safe cure cured me, and I know it is the only remedy in the world that can cure such disorders, for I tried everything else in vain. Cured by it myself, I bought it, and, from a sense of duty, presented it to the world. Only by restoring the kidneys and liver can disease leave the blood and the system."

A celebrated sanitarian physician once said to me. "The secret of the wonderful success of Warner's safe cure is that it is sovereign over all kidney, liver and urinary diseases, which primarily or secondarily make up the majority of human ailments. Like all great discoveries it is remarkably simple."

The high name of H. H. Warner & Co. stands deservedly high in Rochester, and it is certainly a matter of congratulation that merit has been recognized all over the world, and that this success has been unqualifiedly deserved.

PEN POINT.

To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

Our Young Folks.

TOMMY'S HERO.

BY PIPKIN.

IT was the night after Tommy had been taken to his first pantomime, and he had been lying asleep in his little bedroom (for now that he was nine he slept in the night nursery no longer); he had been asleep, when he was suddenly awakened by a brilliant red glare. At first he was afraid the house was on fire, but when the red turned to a dazzling green, he gave a great gasp of delight, for he thought the transformation scene was still going on.

"And there's all the best part still to come," he said to himself.

But as he became wider awake, he saw that it was out of the question to expect his bedroom to hold all those wonders, and he was almost surprised to see that there was not even so much as a single fairy in it. A fairy there was, nevertheless; she stood there with a star in her hair, and her dress shimmering out all around her, just as he had seen her a few hours before, when she rose up, with little jerks, inside a great gilded shell, and spoke some poetry, which he didn't quite catch.

She spoke audibly enough now nor was her voice so squeaky as it had sounded before. "Little boy," she began, "I am the ruling genius of Pantomime Fairyland. You entered my kingdom for the first time last night—how did you enjoy yourself?"

"Oh," said Tommy, "so much; it was splendid, thank you!"

She smiled and seemed well pleased. "I always call to inquire on a new acquaintance," she said. "And so you liked our realms, as every sensible boy does? Well, Tommy, it is in my power to reward you every night, for a certain time you shall see again the things you liked best. What did you like best?"

"The clown part," said Tommy, promptly.

For it ought to be said here that he was a boy who had always had a leaning to the kind of practical fun which he saw carried out by the clown to a pitch of perfection which at once enchanted and humbled him. Till this burlesquinade, he had thought himself a funny boy in his way, and it had surprised him that his family had not found him more amusing than they did; but now he felt all at once that he was only a very humble beginner, and had never understood what real fun was.

For he had scored much above hiding behind doors, and popping out suddenly on a passing servant, causing her to "jump" delightfully; once, indeed, he used to be able to "sell" his family by pretending all manner of calamities, but they had grown so stupid lately that they never believed a single word he said.

No, the clown would not own him as a follower; he would despise his little attempts at practical jokes. "Still," thought Tommy, "I can try to be more like him; perhaps he will come to hear of me some day!"

For he had never met any one he admired half so much as that clown, who was always in a good temper (to be sure he everything his own way, but then he deserved to), always quick and ready with his excuses, and if he did run away in time of danger, it was not because he was really afraid! Then how deliciously impudent he was to shopkeepers! Who but he would have dared to cheapen a large fish by making a door mat of it, or to ask the price of cheese on purpose to throw mud at them? Not that he couldn't be serious when he chose—for once he unfurled a Union Jack and said something quite noble, which made everybody clap their hands for two minutes, and he told people the best shops to go to for a quantity of things, and he could not have been joking then, for they were the same names that were to be seen on all the hoardings.

This will explain how it was natural that Tommy, on being asked which part of the pantomime he preferred, should say, without the slightest hesitation, "Oh, the clown part!"

The fairy seemed less pleased. "The clown part!" she repeated; "what, those shop scenes looked on right at the end without rhyme or reason?"

"Yes," said Tommy, "those ones!"

"And the great wood with the shifting green and violet lights, and the white bands of fairies dancing in circles—didn't you like them?"

"Oh yes," said the candid Tommy; "pretty well. I didn't care much for them."

"Well," she said, "but you liked the grand processions, with all their gorgeous dresses and monstrous figures, surely you liked them?"

"There was such a lot of it," said Tommy. "The clown was the best."

"And if you could, you'd rather see those last scenes again than all the rest," she said, frowning a little.

"Oh, wouldn't I just!" said Tommy; "but may I really and truly?"

"I see you are not one of my boys," said the Queen of Pantomime, rather sadly. "It so happens that those closing scenes are the very ones I have least control over—they are a part of my kingdom which has fallen into sad decay and rebellion. But one thing O Tommy, I can do for you. I will give you the clown for a friend and companion—and much good may he do you!"

"But would he come?" he asked, hardly daring to believe in such condescension.

"He must, I bid him; it is for you to make him feel comfortable and at home with you;—the longer you can keep him the better I shall be pleased."

"Oh, how kind of you!" he cried; "he shall stay all the holidays. I'd rather have him than anybody else. What fun we shall have, what fun!"

The green fire faded out and the fairy with it. He must have fallen asleep again, for, when he opened his eyes, there was the clown at the foot of the bed making a face.

"Ullo!" said the clown; "I say, are you the nice little boy I was told to come and stay with?"

"Yes, yes," said Tommy; "I am so glad to see you. I'm just going to get up."

"I know you are," said the clown, and upset him out of bed into the cold bath.

This he could not help thinking a little bit unkind of the clown on such a cold morning, particularly as he followed it up by throwing a hair-brush, two pieces of soap, and a pair of shoes at him before he could get out again.

But it woke him, at all events, and he ventured (with great respect) to throw one of the shoes back; it just grazed the clown's top-knot.

To Tommy's alarm the clown set up a hullaballoo as if he was mortally wounded.

"You cruel, unkind little boy," he sobbed, "to play so rough with a poor clown!"

"But you threw at me first," pleaded Tommy, "and much harder, too!"

"I'm the oldest," said the clown, "and you've got to make me feel at home, or I shall go away again."

"I won't do it again, and I'm very sorry," pleaded Tommy; but the clown wouldn't be friends with him for ever so long, and was only appeased at last by being allowed to put Tommy upside down in a tall wicker basket which stood in a corner.

Then he helped Tommy to dress by buttoning all his clothes the wrong way, and hiding his stockings and necktie. While he was doing this, Sarah, the under-nurse, came in, and he strutted up to her and began to dance quietly. "Go away, impertence," said Sarah.

"Beautiful gal," said the clown (though Sarah was extremely plain), "I love yer!" and he put out his tongue and wagged his head at her until she ran out of the room in terror.

He looked so absurd that Tommy was delighted with him again, and yet, when the bell rang for breakfast, he felt obliged to give his new friend a hint.

"I say," he said, "you don't mind my telling you—but mother's very particular about manners at table"; but the clown relieved him instantly by saying that so was he—very particular, and he slid down the bannisters and turned somersaults in the hall until Tommy joined him.

"I do hope father and mother won't be unkind to him," he thought, as he went in, "because he does seem to feel things so."

But nothing could be more polite than the welcome Tommy's parents gave the stranger, as he came in, bowing very low and making a queer little skipping step. Tommy's mother said she was always glad to see any friend of her boy's, while his father begged the clown to make himself quite at home. All he said was, "I'm disgusted to make your acquaintance," but he certainly made himself at home—in fact, he was not quite so particular about his manners as he had led Tommy to expect.

He volunteered to divide the sausages and bacon himself, and did so in such a way that everybody else got very little and he himself got a great deal. If it had been anybody else, Tommy would certainly have called this "piggish"; as it was, he tried to think it was all fun, and that he himself had no particular appetite.

His cousin Barbara, a little girl of about his own age, was staying with them just then, and came down presently to breakfast. "Oh, my!" said the clown, laying a great red hand on his heart, "what a nice little gal you are, ain't yer? Come and sit by me, my dear!"

"No, thank you; I'm going to sit by Aunt Mary," she replied, looking rather shy and surprised.

"Allow me, missy," he persisted, "to pass you the strawberry jam and the muffins!"

"I'll have some jam, thank you," she replied.

He looked round and chuckled. "Oh, I say: that little gal said thank you before she got it!" he exclaimed. "There ain't no muffins, and I've eaten all the jam!" which made Tommy choke with laughter.

Barbara flushed. "That's a very stupid joke," she pronounced, severely, "and rude, too, it's a pity you weren't taught to behave better when you were young."

"So I was!" said the clown, with his mouth full.

"Then you've forgotten it," she said; "you're nothing but a big baby, that you are!"

"Yah!" retorted the clown; "so are you a big baby!" which, as even Tommy saw, was not a very brilliant reply. It was a singular fact about the clown that the slightest check seemed to take away all his brilliancy.

"You know you're not telling the truth now," said Barbara, so contemptuously, that the clown began to weep bitterly. "She says I don't speak the truth!" he complained, "and she knows it will be my aunt's birthday last Tuesday!"

"You great silly thing, what has that to do with it?" cried Barbara, indignantly. "What is there to cry about?" which very nearly made Tommy quarrel with her, for why couldn't she be polite to his friend?

However, the clown soon dried his eyes on the table-cloth, and recovered his cheerfulness; and presently he noticed the *Times* lying folded by Tommy's papa's plate.

"Oh, I say, mister," he said, "shall I air the newspaper for yer."

"Thank you, if you will," was the polite reply.

He shook it all out in one great sheet and wrapped it it round him, and waddled about in it until Tommy nearly rolled off his seat with delight.

"When you've quite done with it,——" his father was saying mildly, as the clown made a great hole in the middle and thrust his head out of it with a bland smile.

"I'm only just looking through it," he explained; "you can have it now," and he rolled it up in a tight ball and threw it at his host's head.

Breakfast was certainly not such a dull meal as usual that morning, Tommy thought; but he wished his people would show a little more appreciation, instead of sitting there all stiff and surprised; he was afraid the clown would feel discouraged.

When his papa undid the ball, the paper was found to be torn into long strips which delighted Tommy; but his father, on the other hand, seemed annoyed, possibly because it was not so easy to read in that form. Meanwhile, the clown busied himself in emptying the butter-dish into his pockets, and this did shock the boy a little, for he knew it was not polite to pocket things at meals, and wondered how he could be so nasty.

Breakfast was over at last, and the clown took Tommy's arm and walked upstairs to the first floor with him.

"Who's in there?" he asked, as they passed the spare bedroom.

"Granny," said the boy, "she's staying with us only she always has breakfast in her room, you know."

"Why, you don't mean to say you've got a granny!" cried the clown, with joy; "you are a nice little boy; now we'll have some fun with her." Tommy felt doubtful whether she could be induced to join them so early in the morning, and said so. "You knock, and, say you've got a present for her if she'll come out," suggested the clown.

"But I haven't, objected Tommy; "wouldn't that be a story?" He had unaccountably forgotten his old fondness for "sells."

"Of course it would," said the clown: "I'm always a tellin' of 'em. I am."

Tommy was shocked once more, as he realised that his friend was not a truthful clown. But he knocked at the door, nevertheless, and asked his grandmother to come out and see a friend of his.

"Wait one minute, my boy," she answered, "and I'll come out."

Tommy was surprised to see his companion preparing to lie, face downwards, on the mat just outside the door.

"Get up," he said; "you'll trip grandma up if you stay there."

"That's what I'm doing it for, stoopid," said the clown.

"But it will hurt her," he cried.

"Nothing hurts old women," said the clown; "I've tripped up 'undreds of 'em, and I ought to know."

"Well, you shan't trip up my granny, anyhow," said Tommy, stoutly for he was not a bad-hearted boy, and his grandmother had given him a splendid box of soldiers on Christmas Day. "Don't come out, granny, it's a mistake," he shouted.

The clown rose with a look of disgust.

"Do you call this acting like a a friend to me?" he demanded.

"Well," said Tommy, apologetically, "she's my granny, you see."

"She ain't my granny, and, if she was, I'd let you trip her up, I would; I ain't selfish. I shan't stop with you any longer."

"Oh, do," said Tommy; "we'll go and play somewhere else."

"Well," said the clown, relenting, "if you're a good boy you shall see me make a butter-slide in the hall."

Then Tommy saw how he had wronged him in thinking he had pocketed the butter out of mere greediness, and he felt ashamed and penitent; the clown made a beautiful slide, though Tommy whistled he would not insist upon putting all the butter that was left down his back.

"There's a ring at the bell," said the clown; "I'll open the door, and you hide and see the fun."

So Tommy hid himself round a corner as the door opened.

"Walk in, sir," said the clown, politely.

"Master Tommy in?" said a jolly, hearty voice. It was dear old Uncle John, who had taken him to the pantomime the night before. "I thought I'd look in and see if he would care to come with me to the Crystal——Oh!" And there was a scuffling noise and a heavy bump.

Tommy ran out full of remorse. Uncle John was sitting on the tiles rubbing his head, and, oddly enough, did not look at all funny.

"Oh, uncle," cried the boy, "you're not hurt? I didn't know it was you!"

"I'm a bit shaken, my boy, that's all," said his uncle; "one doesn't come down like a feather at my age." And he picked himself slowly up.

"Well, I must get home again," he said; "no Crystal Palace to-day, Tommy, after this. Good-by."

And he went slowly out, leaving Tommy with the feeling that he had had enough of sides. He even wiped the flooring clean again with a waterproof and the clothes-brush, though the clown (who had been hiding) tried to prevent him.

"We ain't 'ad 'arf the fun out of it yet!" he complained (he always spoke in rather a common way, as Tommy began to notice with pain).

"I've had enough," said Tommy. "It was my Uncle John who slipped down that time, and, he's hurt, and he'd come to take me to the Crystal Palace!"

"Well, he hadn't come to take me," said the clown; "you are stingy about your relations, you are; you ain't 'arf a boy for a bit of fun."

Tommy felt his rebuke very much, he had hoped so to gain the clown's esteem; but he would not give in, he only suggested humbly that they should go up into the play-room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EATING AN ELF.—Once upon a time just before the monkey-tribe gave up the nauseous custom of chewing, there lived an old hag who had conceived an inordinate desire to eat an elf; a circumstance, by the way, which indubitably establishes they were of insatiable solidity, and not, as some one has it, mere,

"Shadowy dancers by the summer streams.

So the old lady went to the place where the fairies dwelt and knocked at the hill-top. "Pretty little Gip," said she, "come and see the sack of cherries I have brought thee—so large, so sweet, so red."

Fairies, be it known, are extremely fond of this fruit, and the elf rushed out in eager haste.

"Ha! ha!" said One-eye, as she pounced on him and put him in her bag (witches always carry bags). "Take care the stones don't stick in thy throttle, my little bird."

On the way home she had to visit a place some distance from the road, and left little Gip meanwhile in the care of a man who was cutting faggots. No sooner was her back turned than Gip begged the man to let him out; and they filled the bag with thorns.

One-eye called for her burden and set off towards home, making sure she had her dinner safe on her back.

"Ay! ay! my lad," said she, as she felt the pricking of the thorns; "I'll trounce thee when I get home for stinging me with thy pins and needles."

When she reached her house she belabored the bag with a huge stick till she thought she had broken every bone in the elf's body; and when she found she had been wasting her strength on a bit of thorns, her rage knew no bounds.

Next day she again got possession of Gip in a similar manner, and this time left him in care of a man who was breaking stones by the roadside. The elf made his escape as before, and they this time filled the sack with stones.

"Thou little rogue!" said the witch, as she perspired under the burden. "I'll soften thy bone nigh hand." Her appetite was only whetted, not blunted, by these repeated failures; and despairing of again catching her prey in the same way as before, she assumed the shape of a peddlar with a churn on his shoulder, and contrived to meet Gip in a wood.

"Ah! Master Redcap," quoth she; "look alive, my little man, the fox is after thee. See! here he comes. Get thee into my churn, and I will shelter thee. Quick! quick!"

In jumped the elf.

"Pretty bird," chuckled the old crocodile. "Dost thee scent the fox?"

This time she went straight home and gave Gip to her daughter, with strict injunctions that she should cut off his noddle and boil it.

When the time came for beginning the cooking, Miss One-eye led her captive to the chopping-block and bade him lay down his head.

"How?" quoth Gip. "I don't know how."

"Like this, to be sure," and, suiting the action to the word, she put her poll in the right position. Instantly the fairy seized the hatchet and served her in the same manner as she intended to serve him. Then picking up a huge pebble, he climbed up the chimney to watch the progress of events.

As he expected, the witch came to the fire to look after her delicacy; and no sooner did she lift up the lid than "plop" came down Gip's pebble right into the centre of her remaining optic, the light of which was extinguished for ever; or, according to some versions, killed her stone-dead.

J. GODDARD.

BESIDE THE GLASS.—Pin-cushions to hang up at the side of a looking-glass are made just now in the shape of a slipper. They are made in three pieces. First, a piece of cardboard must be cut in the form of the sole of a shoe, about six inches long, and then the toe, which in those we saw was made in two pieces, but may be contrived in one piece if preferred. These pieces of cardboard must be first covered with satin and a small spray embroidered on each of them at the heel end of the shoe and in the middle of the other pieces. The back of the sole should be neatly lined. When the three pieces are all covered and sewn together, a little pin-cushion covered with the same satin and stuffed with bran must be tightly wedged in the toe of the shoe. When this is all done, a cord should be run along to hide all the stitches made by joining the pieces, not forgetting the edge of the sole, and a twist of three loops made at the heel to hang it up by.

SMALL BOY:—Say mom, I know what makes pop's face so red? He's a lobster. "Mom"—You disrespectful child. What do you mean? Small Boy: Why, lobsters turn red when they are put in hot water, and I heard pop tell Mr. Rummie that he had been in hot water ever since he married you.

THE DEAD SOUL.

BY A. MATHESON.

I dreamed such a terrible dream last night,
It smote me through with cold affright,
And would not go with the dawning light
Like other lies:
For in dreams men often meet a guess,
Or a wandering thought in bodily dress,
A visible "No" or a tangible "Yes"
To some dim surmise.

What was that horrible thing I dreamed?
I met a man—or a man he seemed—
As the noonday sunlight over him streamed,
Till, thrilled with dread,
I saw, when my soul looked his soul through,
As only in dreams a soul can do,
That, though brain and body lived and grew,
His soul was dead.

Yes, there he stood, a creature, indeed,
That could walk and talk and drink and feed,
And add up figures, and write and read,
And work and wed—
And all with automatic neatness,
Smiling even with studied sweetness,
And quite enjoying life's completeness,
The life he led.

Till at last I saw him standing there,
With never a hope and never a care,
His dead soul set in a stony stare.
"Poor soul," I said,
"And wilt thou never feel again
Divinest joy, most godlike pain,
Love in which self is lost and slain?
Art thou quite dead?"

And then, in my pity, I cried aloud,
"Oh, give this poor dead soul a shroud,
And hide him away from the living crowd
In some narrow bed,
Oh, merciful heaven, give him a grave,
Or send some fire that will cleanse and save
And quicken again the soul God gave
The soul that's dead!"

WHENCE SOME WORDS COME.

Many names have been incorporated in our language in remembrance of some characteristics of their original bearers. We would first recall a few of those words which lead us back to national or tribal characteristics. In myrmidone we have the name of a race of Thessalians who followed Achilles to the famous siege of Troy, and by their savage brutality and rapacity perpetuated their fame as unscrupulous followers of a daring leader.

In laconic we have a standing memorial of the preference of the Laconians or Spartans for brief and pithy speaking. Frank and its derivatives remind us of the independent spirit and love of truth which distinguished the German tribes who at the breaking up of the Roman empire possessed themselves of Gaul, to which they gave their name.

A sadder cry comes from the word slave, which gained its present degraded significance from the fact that vast multitudes of Slavs—a name in Slavonic signifying "noble"—were carried captive from their homes on the banks of the Danube by their Roman masters.

Gasconade was a term of contemptuous ridicule applied to the habits of vain-glorious boasting ascribed to the natives of Gascony.

The word pamphlet is, perhaps, derived from the name of a Grecian lady, Pamphila, who flourished in the first century of the Christian era, and who wrote numerous epitomes of history. Again, it was the Earl of Sandwich, in the time of George III., who brought into common use the article of food which bears his name; although the gambling propensities which rendered a midnight refreshment of that kind indispensable to him, scarcely entitle him to respect.

To the Frenchman, Buhl, or Boule, a cabinet-maker, Louis XIV. granted apartments in the Louvre, in recompense of specimens of beautiful inlaid brass-work; and his English contemporary, Pinchbeck, had ingenuity in imitating precious metal, that is hardly recompensed by the somewhat contemptuous meaning now attached to his name.

Several terms of a similar derivation connected with crime or its punishment occur to us. The first of these, the verb to burke, recalls with horror the manner in which a notorious murderer pursued his monstrous trade. Another, the word lynch, perpetuates the name of a Virginian farmer of the seventeenth century, noted for sound judgment and impartiality, who was selected by the inhabitants of his district—far removed from any regular court of justice—to pass sentence on offenders whose crimes demanded speedy retribution.

The terrible instrument of death which we meet with again and again in the bloody annals of the French Revolution, derives its name from an eminent physician, Joseph Ignace Guillotin, and the Bowie knife, worn in the Southern and Western States, was named after the man who invented it—Colonel Bowie.

Galvanism takes its name from Dr. Galvani, of Bologna, who first observed its extraordinary effect upon animals; while mesmerism perpetuates the name of the German physician, Mesmer, who first practised it about 1766.

The daguerreotype, or the first form of photograph on a copper plate, was invented by the French scene-painter, Daguerre, in 1835. The old method of executing a cheap and meagre portraits, known as the silhouette, by tracing the outline of a shadow thrown onto a sheet of paper, was named, in derision, after Silhouette, a French minister of finance in 1759, who introduced some reforms which were considered unduly parsimonious.

The names of two Scotchmen who passed away in the first half of the present century, present themselves as belonging to this class of words. Charles Mackintosh, a native of Glasgow, added, in 1822, to his other services in the science of chemistry his discovery of the process of procuring a water-proof varnish by dissolving india-rubber in naphtha, which has spread his fame to every portion of the civilized world; while John Macadam conferred a national benefit by his invention, about the beginning of the century, of the system of road-making which bears his name.

The adjective stentorian commemorates the loud and far-reaching voice of the Greek herald Stentor, whose fame is preserved by Homer. So also the verb tantalize recalls the terrible sentence of the gods on the ancient king, Tantalus, who was compelled to linger in intolerable thirst, while refreshing fruits and fresh water were ever in his sight, only to retreat when he attempted to reach them.

The name of another royal personage, Mausolus of Caria, is preserved to us in a somewhat melancholy manner by the word mausoleum, first applied to the monument erected to his memory by his sorrowing queen.

From an early experimenter in the walks of chemistry, the Chaldean philosopher, Hermes Trismegistus, we have the expression, hermetically sealed, which, from its original application to closing up the necks of bottles, has gradually gained a more general significance.

Grains of Gold.

Keep strong in hope, no envy see.

Consistency is an acquired habit, and of slow growth.

Cultivate the habit of telling the truth in little things.

He's a good friend that speaks well of us behind our backs.

None have less praise than those who hunt most after it.

Vanity has a ravenous appetite and a remorseless digestion.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without, is power.

It is not enough to set out in a good way; we must take care to continue in it.

Life is always interesting when you have a purpose, and live in its fulfillment.

Keep your eyes turned inward upon yourself, and beware of judging others.

If we had no faults ourselves, we should not take pleasure in observing those of others.

Vice is as old as virtue, and not one single vice has yet been banished from the world.

One tender act, and many how black designs, struggling within, you may crush forever!

If you have good health, you have nine-tenths of all the Lord has ever given to any man.

He that has much, and wants more, is poor; but he who has little, and wants no more, is rich.

At all times kindness is better than ill-nature, and courtesy is a nobler thing than disrespect.

There is everywhere the working of the everlasting law of requital. Man always gets as he gives.

An envious man repines as much at the manner in which his neighbors live as if he maintained them.

We are sent into this world to make it better and happier; and in proportion as we do so we make ourselves both.

Let us begin our heaven on earth; and being ourselves tempted, let us be pitiful and considerate and generous in judging others.

A writer has compared worldly friendship to our shadow; and a better comparison was never made, for while we walk in sunshine, it sticks close to us, but the moment we enter the shade, it deserts us.

Femininities.

A lady plays the cornet in a New Bedford, Mass., church.

Woman's silence, although it is less frequent, signifies much more than a man's.

Two cats and a mouse, two wives in one house; two dogs and a bone, never agree in one.

There are some people who, if they ever reach heaven, will commence at once hunting for their "set."

Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your children's inherited character, and be patient with them.

If a widow and a widower were being united in matrimony, what process would they be undergoing? Repairing.

A young married man in Waterbury, Conn., has persuaded both his wife and his mother-in-law to leave off corsets.

Mistress: "Mary, I don't like to see this dust on the furniture." Mary: "All right, mum; I'll pull down the blinds."

"Christian women squeeze God's life," was the comment of a Chinese lady upon her civilized sisters, who lace tightly.

In Assyria and Thrace marriageable girls were sold annually at auction, and the receipts were divided equally as marriage portions.

A cork flew from a bottle which a Rockford, Ill., woman was opening, recently, and, striking her in the eye, destroyed the sight.

A Bodie, Col., newspaper is using its columns to boom the editor's wife as a candidate for the succession to the postmastership of that place.

"The choir which sang so kindly and satisfactorily at the funeral of my mother-in-law," receives in an Indiana paper, the thanks of a mourning Hoosier.

The hansom is now the most popular vehicle in New York, and it is especially popular among women. Many fashionable ladies use it to go and come from church.

"Positively No Smoking Here," is the placard displayed in all the palaces of Queen Victoria, who hates the weed with all the vigor of her predecessor, James I.

The German Government has discharged all women employed in its postal, telegraph and railway service. The motive alleged is that women are unfit for such public service.

No Norwegian girl is allowed to have a beau until she can bake bread and knit stockings. The bread and the stockings that 15-year-old Norwegian girls can make are unsurpassable.

Judge Thoman of the Civil Service Commission, says that, so far as the examination has gone for department clerks, it has been demonstrated that women have, as a rule, passed the best examination.

Mme. De Lesseps, the wife of the builder of the Suez Canal, married in 1869, paraded her twelve children on the occasion of her husband's introduction into the ranks of the French Academy, a short time since.

The Legislature of Missouri passed a law which goes into effect within a few days, requiring that seats shall be provided for women by their employers, and the Labor Commissioner of the State is to see it carried out.

The female spider is larger and much fiercer than the male, who, while paying his addresses, is in constant peril, frequently losing some of his legs. In one tribe the female is one thousand three hundred times as large as the male.

A lady, being asked her age, said: "When I was married I was eighteen, and my husband was thirty. His age has since doubled, and so, of course, has mine. That makes me thirty-six." And she was very much astonished at her own frankness.

The seats in a Western church are set on pivots, like those in a dry-goods store. This enables the fair worshipper, who sits pretty well up in front, to turn around and count the number of new bonnets in the house without being in danger of screwing her head off.

The custom of brides wearing orange blossoms was derived from the Saracens, amongst whom the orange blossom was regarded as a symbol of a prosperous marriage, a circumstance which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that, in the East, the orange tree bears ripe fruit and blossoms at the same time.

A lamb of white roses, with one red rose in its breast, into which a floral knife had been stuck, was the "tribute" sent to the funeral of a Boston butcher; while for the funeral of a cook, a Boston hotel-keeper sent a floral cook-stove, with pots and grid-irons.

It is a moot point whether continuance in widowhood be a testimony to the merits or the faults of the late lamented; whether his good qualities inspired such affection that the widow could know no second love; or whether his bad qualities made her fear a repetition of them in No. 2.

She had not made up her mind about it. There was a pensive smile fringed with doubt between them. She was engaged in deep meditation with herself, and was looking on the floor, when he said: "Matilda, why not give an answer to my proposal?" "Why, I was just thinking how you will look when you get old!" she replied.

"Mary," remarked Mr. Gloom to his wife, "when did Mrs. Tongue go away for the summer?" "Why, I didn't know she had gone!" "Yes, she has." "Well, I haven't heard of it; and I'm pretty sure you are mistaken." "Oh, no, I'm not." "Who told you?" "Nobody. I went by there this morning, and I heard Tongue singing as gaily as a lark."

"I believe," said a lady, "that there is no sadness so deep and all-pervading as the sadness which one experiences after being defeated at croquet. Why, I have felt so gloomy for the first hour after defeat, that a proposal of marriage from a crown prince, if made at such a moment, would be repelled with a short answer. The present of a diamond ring," she continued, "might awaken joy in my heart, but I am sure nothing else would."

Masculinities.

Sense and judgment are more desirable than beauty.

By the law of Tennessee, a murderer is allowed to invite three friends to his hanging.

An Albany, Ga., clergyman carries an Irish potato in his pocket as an antidote for rheumatism.

There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes, if they could only govern their tongues.

Mr. Charles H. Lampley, of Dorchester county, Md., shot himself because his wife went to a ball in a Mother Hubbard.

The owner of a splendid country place on the Hudson, has set an excellent example in opening his grounds to well-behaved comers on Saturday.

General Sheridan has invented a new dish, composed of young pig's tails fried in oil, seasoned with cayenne pepper, and trimmed with celery.

A young man at Cambridge, Mass., has been fined for assaulting a young lady with a sunbeam, reflected from a looking-glass carried in his hand.

Isaac Bell, the new Minister to the Netherlands, was asked if he spoke Dutch, and replied: "No; but I speak a German no one can tell from Dutch."

A discreet wife is the best adviser. When Mr. Gladstone is called upon to decide an important matter, he almost invariably says: "Let me consult Catherine."

"Catskin Earls" the Earls of Shrewsbury, Derby and Huntingdon are called, because their robes are trimmed with the skins of white cats, while the junior peers of their rank wear ermine.

In harness a man has lifted 3,500 pounds, this result having been achieved only by allowing every muscle to act simultaneously to its fullest capacity, and under the most advantageous circumstances.

An Italian was caught the other day in the act of gathering cigar stumps in the street, and confessed that he got ten cents a pound for them from a cigarette-maker. Paste this in your son's new straw hat.

A Lynn, Mass., couple about to be married, and at a loss for a bridesmaid, had a handsome woman shipped to them from a Boston intelligence office, who officiated satisfactorily at a cost of $3 and her railroad fare.

The shoe question has come to the front again in Burmah, the King having refused to see the new French Consul in his boots. The Consul declined to attend unbooted, and the audience was consequently put off.

The ushers who acted at a wedding held in Baltimore two years ago, were the pall-bearers at the funeral of the bride, recently, and invitations to attend the funeral were sent out to all who had been invited to the wedding.

First city man: "Hallos, George, what's your hurry?" Second city man: "Just heard that a friend of mine was married this morning, and I want to get there in time to congratulate him before the honeymoon is over."

Among the converted Indians of Arizona and New Mexico the real hero of the Bible is Daniel. The meekness and lowliness of the Saviour do not appeal to their imaginations with the force of Daniel's experiences among the lions.

"Dutch treating" is the fashion at Washington. Ladies and gentlemen buy their own theatre tickets and pay their own car fare; or, if it be a question of picnics, the ladies furnish the solid and the gentlemen the liquid refreshments.

A Brooklyn church retains in fellowship a man whose reputation is so bad that the courts have decided that he cannot recover damages for defamation of character, and a Harlem congregation is edified by the exhortations of a convicted pickpocket.

Governor Hill, of New York, granted his first pardon to a widow with six children who has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for raising a Cayuga county poormaster's order from $1.50 to $3.50. The Auburn papers have now started a fund to buy the widow a cow.

The pay of a Russian army officer is very small. A full general gets from $1,500 to $2,000 a year in our money, according to length of service; a lieutenant-general from $1,172 to $1,700; a major-general from $780 to $1,300, and a colonel commanding a three battalion regiment, 2,500 strong, gets $394.

Because Mr. John McKivlan, of Middletown, N. Y., found his pet dog hanging from the door-knob of his store, he invited his neighbor to a squirrel dinner; and because Mr. McKivlan, at the end of the repast, placed the tails of six rats on the table, that neighbor has been sick ever since.

When the distinguished naturalist, Frank Buckland, lay dying, he said: "God is so good, so very good, to the little fishes, I do not believe he would let their inspector to suffer shipwreck at last. I am going a long journey, where I think I shall see a great many curious animals. This journey I must go alone."

"I see you are building a new house, Mr. Brown?" "Yes, you are right." "Made the money out of whisky, I suppose?" "No." "Why, you are a liquor dealer, are you not?" "Oh, yes; but the money I'm putting into this house was made out of the water I put into the whisky. Every cent was made out of water, sir."

Two illustrations of how men will not "let well enough alone," are given in a Texas paper: One was where a plaintiff, having secured a $25,000 verdict against a railroad company, was dissatisfied, and got only six cents on the next trial. The other case was that of a man who was acquitted of murder, "and went away the same day and got married."

Ten years ago, when the late Empress of Russia was visiting her daughter, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke asked her to pay her own expenses. At the moment of departure, after luncheon had been eaten, the Duke of Edinburgh drew a paper from his pocket, on which he had noted down the estimated expenses of the Russian Empress, and he added the cost of the luncheon to that amount. So says Count Paul Vasili.

How I was Saved.

BY JAMES K. MEARS.

THE following occurrence happened about twenty years ago. I was then eighteen years of age, and, together with seven other boys of about my own age, was studying (or supposed to be doing) with a private tutor in Jersey.

The day on which the adventure I am about to relate took place is noted in my diary as the 31st of July, a red-letter day in our social calendar, and one we all looked eagerly forward to weeks in advance. It was a day we remembered well. Our establishment dissolved itself, or, in school-boy parlance, we 'broke up,' and separated to enjoy a good seven or eight weeks' mid-summer holiday.

On this day our tutor made it his rule to give us the afternoon to ourselves, simply because there was no scholastic business of any kind whatever for us to transact; and I suppose he thought we should get into less mischief permitted to roam about in the open air at our own sweet wills, than if we were cooped up in a hot and stuffy study, where we should have fretted and fumed until we found something mischievous to occupy our hands and time.

Accordingly we dispersed, some going one way and some another. I, with three others, was soon engaged in a vigorous lawn-tennis match, which we kept up so energetically that it was quite five o'clock when, hot and exhausted, we threw down our racquets and wandered away from the scorching lawn in search of some rest and shade.

Old Sol was glancing down furiously; the sky was a deep pale-blue; the atmosphere perfectly still and hot; and to my eyes the smooth sea looked uncommonly tempting. It was the very moment for a plunge in the cool water, and I at once determined to indulge in the luxury of a swim.

About a mile from "the college," as we grandiloquently dubbed our tutor's modest red-brick residence, was a natural cave in a projecting portion of the rocky cliffs, and when the tide ran out a magnificent stretch of soft silver-sand lay exposed to view. This place was well known to all of us; in fact, it was our general bathing rendezvous.

To reach it was, however, a matter of extreme difficulty. The cliffs surrounding the indentation were perfectly steep and perpendicular, and a huge slice of rock overhung the entrance to the cavern and formed a canopy that effectually concealed its whereabouts from one standing on the top of the cliffs.

We boys had found a way of reaching the "Smugglers' Cave" (a romantic name bestowed by the local guide-book), and although, as far as I remember, we never faltered once, or thought of the dangers surrounding us when crawling on "all fours" from point to point, and sliding down narrow ledges of slippery rock, I shudder and wonder to myself now how it was we ever escaped being dashed into a thousand fragments.

My readers will understand from this the nature of the place towards which I was now bending my steps.

At high water it was impossible to reach the cave except by rowing out to sea, steering your boat round the headland, and running her straight into its yawning mouth. Hence it was, we imagined, that it came to be called the Smugglers' Cave, for it seemed the very place to hide contraband cargo without the slightest fear of detection.

Sauntering slowly and lazily in the direction of the cavern, I came across a tramp trudging towards me, and carrying an armful of those brightly-colored air-balls one sees so frequently in the city suburbs and by the sea-side.

Of course the man stopped me and begged for a morsel of bread. He was a poor woe-begone creature, so, schoolboy-like, I exchanged a few pence for half-a-dozen of his miniature balloons, and went on my own way.

The idea occurred to me that I might tie the inflated bladders easily together, and, following the example of Benjamin Franklin and his kite, employ my purchases as a species of motive power to draw me, when floating on my back, through the water.

My destination was reached at last, and, after scrambling and slipping down the rugged face of the cliff, I found myself on the shore, and walked to the entrance of the cave.

I perceived it was empty, and rejoiced accordingly; for, as I have already mentioned, it was one of the local 'show places,' and described in the guide-book as 'a capital place for tourists to sketch, bathe, and hold picnic parties.'

All of this advice was naturally inserted in the interests of the Jersey watermen; for the compiler of the book naively added a foot-note to the effect that "it was absolutely necessary to go by boat, and John Jones or Ned Noakes always had a good supply of craft of all descriptions available for the use of tourists, which they were willing to let out by the day or hour at a reasonable charge.

Had the place been in the occupation of a party, I could not, for obvious reasons, have taken a dip in "the briny."

As it was, I had the place to myself, and for the time was really "monarch of all I surveyed," which certainly was not very much.

I could see no one on the top of the cliffs, and passers-by up there could not catch a glimpse of me.

To undress and dash into the water was the work of a few seconds, and I was soon engaged in swimming, diving, and such other aquatic amusements as those of my readers who are themselves swimmers, and love the sea as strongly as I do, will understand and appreciate, without the necessity on my part of entering into lengthy details. Then I turned my attention to my balloons, and experimented in divers ways with them.

So absorbed was I, and so heedless of the flight of time (and the old gentleman certainly does increase his pace when you are engaged in something you thoroughly enjoy), that I did not observe the sinking sun and the approach of evening.

Floating on my back, I drifted into a current running in shore, and was carried along at a delightful pace straight, as I though, to the entrance of the cave. The motion was almost imperceptible; but I must have gone along at a very rapid rate, for, when I struck out and got clear of the race, I discovered I was round the headland and out of sight of the cave. I felt very tired now, so paddling to the shore I began to climb over the rocks in preference to swimming back again.

This climbing was not so easy as it looked. From the sea it looked simple enough, and the work of a few seconds only.

But after I had struggled along for a matter of ten minutes or so, I appeared no nearer the cave than when I first started. It was useless now to think of retracing my steps.

I began to feel cold, and my teeth chattered in a most audible manner. On I went, and after struggling over the serrated surfaces of the rocks, and losing a large quantity of skin and temper in the performance, I at last attained the summit of the point.

I must have taken nearly half an hour to accomplish this, and thirty minutes in the chilly air of evening, with nothing on, can be better imagined by those who have not tried it than described on paper by one who has!

Below, I could see the cave, looking gloomy and dim in the oncoming dusk, and my heart gave a leap when I saw the tide rising rapidly, and three parts of the stretch of white sand already covered with white foaming breakers.

There was certainly no time to lose, so I descended from my eyrie, splashed through the surf, and regained my cavern and my clothes once more.

I dressed myself as quickly as my numbed fingers would permit. It was still possible to get the pathway, so clutching my bundle of air-balls I prepared to ascend. I had clambered up a few feet only when I heard something fall, and, gazing round, saw my silver watch roll down the path and drop on the sand.

I slipped down again to pick it up. To my annoyance and chagrin, however, I could see it nowhere.

Darkness was coming on and the canopy over the entrance of the cave threw a deep and impenetrable shadow across the little sand that now remained uncovered by the advancing waves.

I lit a match and searched around the place where I thought I had seen the watch fall, but without success.

It would never do to lose my timepiece, for it was a present from my father, and I had had it a long time. I lit another match but the flickering light only showed me the sea breaking over the shore, and completely surrounding the pathway.

I went on hands and knees and groped about in the sand, lighting one match after another.

I forgot about both Time and Tide, and the old adage that tells us that on no account will either of these two natural forces wait for any man, though he be a Canute, or a nineteenth-century young man searching for a much-beloved silver watch.

When I came to my senses, I saw the waves breaking in mighty masses against the base of the pathway, and a good three or four feet of deep water swirling about between that place and where I stood.

I made a frantic attempt to rush through the roof, but a mighty wave came up at the critical moment, knocked me flat on my back and nearly dragged me out to sea in its recoil.

I struggled back to the cave, out of breath and soaked to the skin. A brisk breeze had sprung up, and the surface of the sea, hitherto so calm and glassy, was now in a state of turbulent motion, heaving and foaming and roaring as it dashed up against the rock-bound shore.

I hallooed, whistled, and shrieked as loud as I could, but the overhanging rocks prevented the breeze carrying my voice inland.

I am afraid I must have turned pale when the ugly position I was in flashed clearly across my mind.

I sat down far back in the cave, for the sea had now flooded the entrance entirely. Then a sudden inspiration dashed across my brain.

I tore a leaf out of a small note-book I happened to have in my pocket, and, writing a few words in pencil on it, I attached the paper to my air-balls.

Then reaching out as far as I dared, I set them free. They rose slowly, and catching the breeze glided out to sea.

I was horrified at this, for it seemed as if my only chance of escape had fled. I strained my eyes watching the course of the aerial travelers, and just as they were disappearing from sight I observed them suddenly change their direction of flight. They appeared to have entered a current of air traveling to leeward, and were now speeding back to shore.

Nearer and nearer they approached, and now passed over my head and disappeared. Almost immediately afterwards the crack of a sporting gun echoed down the cliff with a dull roar. My heart almost leaped out of my mouth as this sound struck my ears. It was clear someone was about, and could not fail to notice my balloon.

With me it was now pitch dark, and I sat huddled up on a projecting rock, with the sea lapping round its base. How slowly time appeared to go along now! The moments seemed hours. I was perfectly helpless and could only wait. It is fortunate I never lost my presence of mind; had I done so, it would have been literally "all up" with me long before this. I felt confident my absence would be noticed by some of my schoolfellows, who would certainly search the shore, commencing operations, without doubt, at the Smugglers' Cave. These reassuring hopes kept me up.

Suddenly I heard the sound of voices, then the plash of oars, and finally a light appeared out at sea. I shrieked out to it, thinking it was some fishing-boat going out trawling. My shouts were answered; a voice came back: "Keep up your spirit, lad; we're coming to you!" In a few minutes the boat entered the cave, and I, cold cramped and shivering, was hauled on board and hurried back to college.

To cut a long story short, I may tell you that a fisherman out shooting wild duck on the cliffs had observed my balloon out at sea, and, thinking it a bird of some description, waited until it returned to shore.

Then, to use his own words, "he blazed at it like mad," and of course it came to the ground. Great was his astonishment when he found my note. He knew me well, and started off back to town at once, launched his boat, and my readers know the rest.

'Twenty years ago indeed! Why, the incident is as fresh in my memory as if it only occurred yesterday, and I don't think I shall ever forget it.

WENDELL PHILLIPS was waiting once for the train at Essex Junction, Vermont, where passengers at times have to exercise great patience. He saw a graveyard not far from the village, near the depot, and very full. He inquired the reason, and a Green Mountaineer calmly informed him that it was used to bury passengers in who died while waiting for the train!

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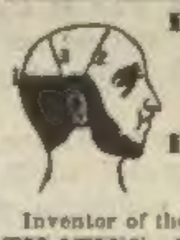

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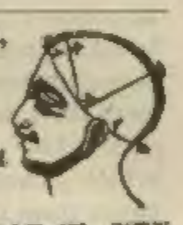

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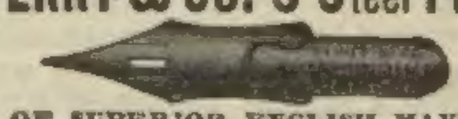

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Recent Book Issues.

"Mark Maynard's Wife," by Frankie Failing King, is an American love romance of sterling merit and deep, absorbing interest. It is all action, and everything about it is new, unexpected, powerful and original. The plot is capitally constructed, giving rise to hosts of stirring and intensely dramatic incidents, while happy touches of humor here and there diversify the novel and relieve its emotional passages. The narrative is particularly graphic and as natural as life itself. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. Publishers.

"Matilda, Princess of England," translated from the French of Madame Cottin by Jennie E. Rauch, is another of those semi-historical romances now becoming so deservedly popular. The time is that of the Crusades, and the story introduces all the great, noble, wise, kingly, and religious characters of the day. Apart from its interest as a partly fanciful embodiment of human life, love and passion, the tale has an additional value in its excellence as a most entertaining substitute for the dryer reading of history. "Matilda" can be commended merely for its pastime qualities as a novel, but most minds will draw from it an extra pleasure in the scenes of fact in chivalry, battle, knights, ladies, Saracens The Holy Land, and other pictures that appear and disappear in its pleasant pages. In two neatly printed volumes. Published by Gottsberger, New York, and for sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The July *Magazine of American History* is a remarkably strong number. It opens a new volume, and also its promised "Civil War Papers." Its frontispiece is a portrait of President Lincoln. The leading article, Washington in March and April, 1861 is admirably presented and pertinently illustrated. The others are: Beginning of the Civil War in America (I.) is by General Thomas Jordan; Confederate officer. The Seizure and Reduction of Fort Pulaski: The military Affairs of the State of New York in 1861(I.); The March of the Seventh Regiment, by the editor; The Seventh Regiment at the Capital in 1861; The Daylight Contingent; and, Wall Street in the Civil War. All are splendidly written and most valuable and entertaining reading. With such a beginning, the success of the Magazine in its new and special field of American history is more than assured. Among the short papers is one of much interest on President Buchanan, by Hon. Horatio King. The seven standing departments are splendidly sustained, and the entire number is one of the most readable and attractive ever issued. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

Cassell's Family Magazine for July has the following contents: A Diamond in the Rough, a story of Alice O'Hanlon; My Namesake Marjorie, a new serial story by W. S. Stacy; What the Sun is made Of, by C. Ray Woods; Dr. Schliemann's Discoveries at Tiryns, by Karl Blind; The Garden in July; The Price of a Coat; Poles Apart, a story by L. C. Davison; Hay Asthma: its Rational Treatment, by a Family Doctor; Flemish Lace and Lace Makers; A Fair Canoeist, by a Member of the Royal Canoe Club; George Frederic Handel, by J. C. Hudden; A Glimpse of New York Central Park, by Catherine Owen; June Daisies; a Kensington Romance: Norah's Throne, song, by Hamilton Clarke; How to Make Home Beautiful; What to Wear, and the usual departments, the whole forming a very attractive issue. Published by Messrs Cassell & Co New York.

Lippincott's Magazine for July contains the first of two papers on The Pioneers of the Southwest, by Edmund Kirke, in which some very interesting phases of early American history are detailed. Under the caption of, The Next Vacation, Alice Wellington Rollins extols the pleasures of a reasonably cheap trip on the Great Lakes; A Temple Pilgrimage, gives some pleasing particulars of the quaintness to be met with in the celebrated legal haunt in Fleet street London. Miss Tincknor's pleasing serial: Aurora, is concluded, and F. C. Baylor's amusing novel, On This Side, is well advanced and increases in interest. A couple of capital completed stories, a very readable paper on The White Whalers, with some good poetry and the usual well-filled editorial departments, make up an excellent table of contents. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

WONDERFUL DOG.—In the time of the wonderful dog-stories now current, the correspondent of a German scientific review gives interesting details of the education bestowed on one of his dogs. The creature takes any pieces of money given to it, and goes to the pastrycook's and buys cakes to the value of the coin presented. On one occasion the dog gave the shopkeeper a florin, and walked away with an insignificant bun. The pastrycook, highly pleased with his customer, was about to drop the coin into the till, when he discovered that it was a false one!

GRAPE-SEED OIL.—Grape-seed oil is used in Italy for purposes of illumination. The extraction is principally effected at Modena. It has also long been used for similar purposes in Germany and the Levant. Thirty-three pounds of seed yield about thirteen quarts of oil, or about eighteen per cent. The seeds of white grapes yield less oil than those of the dark variety, and young vines are said to be more fruitful in this one respect than older ones.

Humorous.

ONLY.

A common dooryard
Back of a common flat;
Only a kitchen doorstep,
And an old J. Thos. cat
Lazily in the sunshine
Dozing on the mat.

Only an open window
Directly overhead;
Only a fiendish boarder,
His face with grins o'erspread,
(All of which implies a big surprise
For that sleeping quadruped.)

Only a pitcher of water
Dumped with precision square
Icy down on that J. T. C.
So calmly sleeping there—
And a frenzied chunk of cat-meat
Jumps six feet up in the air.

—S. T. OLEN.

An old score—Four score.

The vice which never sticks to young people—Advice.

Strange to say, lacquer work keeps many people busy in Japan.

Why is a peacock like the figure 9? It is nothing without its tail.

Why is a dirty man like flannel? Because both shrink from washing.

"John, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest this morning?" "No, sir; if she laid any, she mis-laid them."

Why is it absurd to say that Saturday is the last day of the week? Because Sunday is the "rest" of the week.

"Will the coming man work?" is the current conundrum. If he gets himself attached to a large family, he will.

Of whistlers—It is said the whistling man thinks little. But he makes the others think; and, oh! what fearful thoughts they think!

Shopkeeper—"Half a pound of tea, ma'm? Which will you have to-day, black or green?" Female—"Black, please; it's for a funeral."

"There is one thing I dread," remarked Fenderson, "and that is a premature burial." "Don't worry about that," replied Foxy; "the thing is impossible. There's no danger of your being buried too soon."

A policeman, just at nightfall, was invited to drink a cup of coffee. "No, thank you. Coffee keeps me awake all night." Then he saw his blunder, looked very embarrassed, and tried to explain it. But it was no use.

Professor—"Gentlemen will please close their books." After a lapse of a few seconds, observing that his polite command has not been obeyed, he adds, "Those who are not gentlemen will please close their books."

"Come, now, this is too bad!" exclaimed the squeamish boarder, as he plucked a water-bug from the interior of a hot biscuit. "It is too bad!" exclaimed the landlady, "but let us hope that its death was sudden and painless!"

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 8th, 1883, says: As one of the

"Windows

Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms!!! "There was an interesting group.

It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so

Paralyzed!!!

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was Attacked twelve years ago with "Locomotor Ataxy"

(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured), and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last Five years not able to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me.
The last experiment being Nerve-stretching.
Two years ago I was voted into the

Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am no "Advocate"; "For anything in the shape of patent" Medicines?

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented!!

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could

"Walk!

So started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any

"Stick!"

Or support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange"

For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going into the room on Thursday last.

Very gratefully yours, JOHN BLACKBURN,
MANCHESTER (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.
Two years later am perfectly well.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The general characteristics of the newest boots and shoes are slimness, narrowness, flatness of heel and pointedness of toe. In a more particular way there are a variety of styles to enumerate. For handsome, dressy costumes, boots of black-ribbed satin are made, with very small jet buttons and sometimes some jet embroidery on the toe. For ordinary occasions, boots of French kid, or morocco, with flat square heels, have patent leather uppers and perforated tips of the same. For tramps through the mountains there are common-sense boots with straight goat tops that lace well up the leg; square low heels. For sandy beaches, high shoes of pale gray buckskin, with yellow chagreen foxings, perforated chagreen tip and low light heels, are laced up to the instep with ribbon of the color of the chagreen. The regular tennis boots or shoes have rubber soles—heelless—and canvas tops, dark blue, gray or white, and are laced up the front. There are also ties and laced or buttoned boots of light Levant leather for country tramps. And some more effective specimens of dark garnet morocco. For the evening the low French kid or patent leather pumps, tied with narrow ribbon, and the similar style known as the "Newport tie," will continue to be in order. There are plain walking shoes of doeskin, with light-weight morocco uppers, that are laced or buttoned; and for dressier occasions shoes of French kid buttoned on the side, and with white silk stitching, and also others cut out in lozenges over the instep, on either side of the lacing, stitched with white, patent leather trimmings, and showing the stockings underneath.

A new model of a shoe not quite as high as a tie nor as low as a slipper, is made of French kid, patent leather or bronze kid, and fastened with one large bow of wide ribbon. Slippers are of patent leather, which can be worn much better in Summer than in Winter, as it is the cold that cracks the leather, of bronze kid, embroidered on the toe with bronze and gold beads (or plain), of black satin, worked in jet on the tip, or of ribbed silk to match different evening dresses. In the latter case, the Paris bootmakers not only embroider the tips with beads but add a bow and a fancy buckle besides. In New York bows are not so much worn. Some women are deterred from purchasing the bronze. Bronze slippers cannot be worn indiscriminately with all stockings. They are very ugly and inappropriate with black. On the other hand, they "go" nicely with pale blue or pink, also with dark blue silk hose. But, the best of all, do they go with a certain hue of golden-brown which comes in silk hosiery. These stockings are only to be had in a few places in town, however. The very best stores have them, with one or two others. Some shoemakers have orders for Summer walking boots with light cloth tops, frequently checked, to match tailor made suits. A pair of boots with black and white checked tops have black French kid uppers stitched with white. There is a good deal of this white silk stitching on Paris made boots, but the American makers care less for it. Altogether, the American taste in matters of chaussure is more quiet than the French; leans more towards the solid English pattern. Thus one rarely sees a fancy button on a boot with us, while Vialit Este, Poivert, Hollstern and other Paris bootmakers of that calibre frequently depart from the old conventional shoe button. In almost every instance this Summer they are making these buttons very small in all cases and set very close together, from thirteen to sixteen coming on a boot of the ordinary height. The universal use of colored stockings, which reduces the inside of the boot so soon to an unsightly condition has caused dark kid or leather linings, brown, red and such, to be adopted.

Very dressy house slippers are lined with dark-colored silk, a pair of black satin "mules" and Turkish slippers are lined with dark red silk, and have Louis XV. red kid heels. The Louis XV. heel is considered obsolete, by the way, except for the most elaborate evening slippers, and is even then replaced by the low French heel for those who follow the dictates of fashion very vigorously. By many, a high heel is always thought more comfortable and agreeable for dancing, however. It will be fashionable this Summer, it appears, to wear the little light cloth jacket with silk linings that are now the creme de la creme, thrown open in front, left unfastened, as though drawn on carelessly.

This is voted very "pschutt." New jackets are tailor-cut, run very much in the line of grays, fawns and "beiges," and are bound with silk braid. A little bunch of flowers stuck into the dress is supposed to give a last touch to the ensemble. The little mantles are shorter than ever, and more elaborate than ever. The newest for Summer are of brocaded grenadine or woolen lace material, over a colored transparent; in the trimmings beads play constantly a more conspicuous role. One example had the front and back of flounces of black lace, alternating with row upon row of jet and gold beads, like the aguillettes of a uniform; sleeves of dark red velvet, embroidered all over with gold and black embroidery. The new lead-colored passementeries are much employed for these purposes, and make a handsome, sober trimming.

Among the summer parasols of extreme styles there are some exquisite coaching shades of moire, painted in water colors, with big branches of flowers, a flight of birds, etc. A parasol of bright yellow brocade, with an amber ball on the stick, has five flounces of white lace all around, and a spray of poppies thrown negligently on the top. Ecru lace parasols over colored silk are to be worn with the fashionable striped, brocaded and stamped canvasses, the brocaded transparent woolen fabrics and goods of that sort. To wear with batistes, sateens, lawns, ginghams, nainsooks, there are in Paris large white, blue or pink linen parasols with a wreath of bright colored flowers stamped along the edge. "En-cas" or sun umbrellas that may do for the rain, too, on a pinch, are of changeable silk, red and blue, green and blue, etc. There has been an attempt, of which we made a note some time ago, to introduce dark colors also for umbrellas; dark green, dark blue and dark red would certainly be appropriate and a pleasant change for the eye.

The straws for garden hats, broad pokes to be worn at the seashore, etc., are just about as rough as they can be manufactured this year—some covered with the quills of the fretful porcupine, others plaited into odd trellis patterns. On the head, however, they are very light. The transparent straws will be lined with colored taffeta or with white lace. A huge shell of lace or figured net in front and an enormous cluster of flowers or fruits will serve for the trimmings.

The fruit is newer, and is expected to be a sort of craze in Europe this season. The Parisian flowermakers are now producing plums, peaches, apricots, berries, that are marvels of skilful imitation. The mate l used is rubber, so the attempt to make these ornaments durable instead of brittle has succeeded. Rough straw makes a pretty seaside hat, lined with plaitings of ecru lace and trimmed in front with a shell of the letter and a high cluster of pink roses with variegated leaves and grass. There is nothing there for the sea air to spoil. Those lovely crepes that are so much used on large hat must not be taken to the seashore; the least dampness ruins them as infallibly as it lays a ruthless finger on all feathers within its reach. These—feathers—are decidedly in the background this season.

Some new painted fans are made of fine kid, pale gray chiefly. The advantage is that the kid does not take set folds and that the painting, consequently, does not crack. Some of the New York hairdressers have imported a few fancy combs for the "catogan" that will be adopted before very long. They are flat, narrow bands, slightly curved, that have a tortoise shell comb underneath, which latter passes under the low twist of hair on the nape of the neck and secures it firmly. These bands may be of dead gold, plain or in some fancy design, of silver, of Rhine stones or of tortoise shell. Something of this sort is needed for the catogan coiffure, unless a bow of ribbon supplies the finish, and that requires a young face. Indeed, that whole style of coiffure is chiefly suited to young persons, and, more especially still, to round rather than to long slim faces. The braid or twist must not be scant and poor-looking. If there is not enough natural hair to make a full, think "queue," better braid in a small false switch.

Domestic Economy.

One of the most salutary tendencies of domestic management in our days is that which aims at assigning to fruit a favored place in our ordinary diet. The nutrient value of such food, in virtue of its component starches and saccharine materials, is generally admitted; and while these substances cannot be said to equal in accumulated force the more solid ingredients of meat and animal fat, they are similarly useful in their own degree, and have, moreover, the advantage of greater digestibility. Their conversion within the tissues is also attended with less friction and pressure on the constructive machinery. The locally stimulant action of many subacid fruits on the mucous membrane deserves mention. Its control of a too active peptic secretion, and its influence of attraction exercised upon the alkaline and aperient intestinal juice, are points of more than superficial importance. To this action further effects, which aid the maintenance of a pure and vigorous circulation, are directly due. Thus it follows, on the simplest principles of physiology, that other essential organs, such as the skin and kidneys, are relieved by the transference of part of their excretory function to the bowel, and act with greater ease; the general vascular system is lightened by this regulating drain, and its faculty of absorbing the waste products of food and work is encouraged in proportion. Almost all persons in fairly normal health may indulge in sound and ripe fruit in greater or less amount. Except in certain cases indeed, there is practically no exact limit to its consumption under these circumstances.

Among such exceptions may be noted the gouty and rheumatic diathesis. A tendency to diarrhœa or a dysenteric history obviously forbids the free or frequent use of fruit. Saccharine diabetes, or nervous conditions in which it is apt to appear, is similarly antagonistic—and at all events where any but the non-sweet fruits such as nuts, are considered. Dyspeptic stomachs, on the other hand, are usually benefited by a moderate allowance of this light and stimulating fare. It must be remembered, moreover, that every fruit is not equally wholesome, let the digestion be as powerful as it may. Nuts for example—consisting as they do for the most part, of condensed albuminoid and fatty matters—cannot compare in acceptance either by the palate or the stomach, with other more succulent kinds, even though they contain in the same bulk a far greater amount of nutriment. A little of such fruit is enough for digestion, and that little is best cooked. Nevertheless, if we take fruit as a whole, ripe and sound of course, and consider its variety, its lightness, and nourishing properties, whether eaten alone or with other food, and its cheap abundance, we cannot hesitate to add our voice in support of its just claims on public attention. In the former articles we have shown why vegetable produce of all kinds should enter largely into the food of children. Well-chosen fruits are consequently for them as safe and beneficial as agreeable.

DECORATION.—It is hardly possible to have too many cushions about a room at the present time; how long the fancy will last, no one can say, but now every lounge-chair is supplied with one; they are used as foot-stools, and set one upon another Oriental fashion to serve as extra seats. Oriental work looks as well as anything for such purposes, and it is easily done. Some of our readers may have taken lessons in the art, an opportunity of learning having lately been offered in Gotham; if so, they cannot do better than bring their knowledge into practical use in the embellishment of their rooms. It is effective, and some kinds are inexpensive, hence its popularity.

Those who intend to decorate on a rather extensive scale may be glad of the following suggestion:—It is a fashion, and a very pretty one, to paint the wood-work of a room white, and to have the furniture to correspond. A wall-paper of terra-cotta chimes in well with the white paint, as it is a warmer color without the least hint of showiness. If we add to this a dado composed of a drapery of brocade of a darker shade than the walls, we shall have the foundation of a very charming interior that it will be difficult to out-rival. The brocade is treble-box-plaited at intervals of about a yard or so, and is cut in such wise that it appears looped up. It is edged with a wooden beading.

A further improvement to the walls is a deep frieze; the color of its ground must harmonize with the paper, but it may reasonably be more decided in tone. In its ornamentation, ladies who paint have a fine chance of showing their skill with the brush. A frieze having a gold ground will be found attractive, provided the rest of the decorations accord. A flight of swallows is good as the design on this ground, or butterflies, whose wings of vivid color form a splendid contrast to the gold. A cream ground is appropriate with a pale blue wall-paper and deep blue brocade; and apple-blossom or spring flowers do admirably for the ornamentation. The width of the frieze is a matter of taste, they vary from six inches according to the height of the room and the decorator's fancy.

Novelties in the way of pocket pin-cushions for gentlemen, may be made in the shape of fans, round or oval, like the Japanese and palm-leaf, or like a spread open-and-shut fan. Cut a pattern of paper the size desired; like this cut two pieces of cardboard, each overlaid with silk or satin; over-hand them together neatly and decorate with brush and colors or outline embroidery. Tiny cord and tassels may be added by which to suspend it desired. The open fan may be decorated with two colors of silk, to represent the foldings and long stitches of silk for the sticks.

A very convenient and pretty work-basket may be made of two peach-baskets. The baskets are firmly screwed together, bottom to bottom, somewhat in the shape of an hour-glass. Then the entire structure is covered with sateen of any desired color, laid in full plaits, tacked at top and bottom and at the point of union of the baskets. The top basket is lined with sateen. A piece of heavy pasteboard cut round and smoothly covered with sateen fits in snugly, covering the bottom and making a neat finish. Full pockets are sewed in below the top of the basket. The outer rim has a deep lace flounce, headed by box-plaited ribbon arranged to conceal the rim of the basket. A broad piece of ribbon tied round where the bottoms of the basket meet is finished by a large bow.

Confidential Correspondents.

LIN.—It is a matter of taste.

G. A. RATE.—The difference is not too much.

READER.—Yours is entirely a question for a medical man.

PERPLEXITY.—Second cousins. The marriage would be legal.

J. ROBERTSON.—Cheap fire-lighters can be composed of sawdust or other waste inflammable matter compressed with waste resin or pitch into suitable moulds.

S. J. W.—We spoke of fancy work in wrought iron, for lanterns, gates, fences, etc. Iron suitable for such purposes can of course be purchased in any iron store throughout the country.

HOPE.—Your verses show with study and practice you will become an excellent writer of poetry. As for its lucrativeness, generally, speaking, it is about as profitable as the tramp's vocation.

C. C. F.—You might use strong soap suds or a weak solution of tobacco water. Both are good and generally serve the purpose. If they are Rose-bugs, use Paris green. The application can be dry, mixed with flour, or in liquid form, mixed with water, and sprinkled on.

BERT.—You will find that the only cure for talking in the sleep is lying on the side with the head bent a little downwards. The right side is the best to lie upon. The head should be placed high on the pillow. Avoid heavy suppers, and take a good deal of active exercise in the day.

POCAHONTAS.—Pocahontas was the daughter of Powhatan, an Indian chief of great celebrity. She was married by Mr. John Rolfe in April, 1613. The lady visited England with her husband in 1616, and died at Gravesend at the age of twenty-two, just as she was about to return to America.

SCHOLAR.—Always place the light behind you, or turn your back to it in reading. Let the light fall on your book over your shoulder. Over the left shoulder is most convenient, for then the movements of the right hand will not cast shadows over the page. The eye should not face the light.

A. O. R.—Lace curtains can be dried in ordinary heating-apparatus if properly stretched. Of course such inflammable goods are better dried by steam-pipes or a close stove than by open fires. Nothing but starch or flour-paste need be used to stiffen. The latter would probably prove rather better than starch.

REDNESS.—There is only one way to stop it, and that is to acquire command of yourself. This may best be accomplished by striving to blush at will. Practice this before a glass; and, after you have mastered the feat, you will find that it has become a controllable act either to perform or avoid at pleasure.

T. W. S. G.—Women do become bald and have to wear wigs. The fact that baldness is less common among women than among men is probably due to the special care females take of their hair, and to the natural advantage they have in that it is generally thicker and stronger in growth in their case than in that of males.

ANXIETY.—Live it down. With a clear conscience, it is better to let vague suspicions like those mentioned die out. If you were to leave the place, that would be a practical admission that there was something to hide. Simply take no notice of the matter. Do not, by volunteering apology or explanation, accuse in excusing.

EUGENE.—We know nothing of chiromancy. It is one of those systems or methods which have just a little truth and a great deal of fallacy in them. Doubtless it is possible to form a notion of character from the hand, and with this for a basis it would not be difficult for an ingenious person to make up a fairly plausible forecast.

POLY.—The conundrum is—"A canary flew into the conservatory of this house. The housemaid saw it first, but the cook caught it. The master of the house laid claim to it, as he said it was caught in his house, therefore it belonged to him. Could you kindly tell me whom the bird really belongs to?" We fancy the query would puzzle the whole bench of judges. The right of property in the bird clearly rests with the original owner.

JOLLY BOY.—There is no way of getting over the difficulty you mention except by persistently going into company, and doing the best you can. You will find as you get older, read, think and talk more, there will be danger of having too much instead of not enough to say. There is no short method of becoming a good talker; they seem to be like poets and other geniuses rather to be born than made. 2. There need be no ceremony about it! Just say: "Miss ——, will you please dance this set with me?" "May I have the pleasure of dancing with you this set, if you are not engaged?"

E. G. B.—In matters of this kind no set rules prevail in America, and all depends upon circumstances. We think however, that it is always well to allow the nominally superior party to make the first salutation. Should your employer recognize you, as the superior for the time being, the salute would come with the best grace from him; should he not salute you, you lose nothing. Always be polite and civil to old and young, rich or poor, employer or fellow-workman, but demean yourself towards none. Dean Swift used to say that when a man tried to make him keep his distance, he always had the satisfaction of knowing he had to keep his own. You have the same consolation.

DAISY.—So much depends on fate that there is no rule in the degree with which a person may love or hate. Humanity in this respect is about of average sameness all over the world. Under such conditions we imagine you could love intensely, or hate intensely as the case might be. An attempt to fix the standing of one's character in these respects is impossible. They are as much beyond invariable rule as the color of the face. In health it may be ruddy, in sickness pale. So with hate and love. Everything favorable and the fire is not so warm as affection. Let a rival appear and the former gentle bosom can beat a dozen volcanoes on full time in the fierceness of its vindictive passion. 2. The written rule is not to shake hands on being introduced. It is commonly done however. In such cases the elder offers the hand to the younger; the lady to the gentlemen. 3. We know of no one that will remove them effectually. 4. Send it on; we will do so if possible. 5. Write as often as pleases you.